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Notice to Our Readers

NEXT week *The Nation* will increase its size to forty pages. The change is an act of faith; only time will tell whether it was justified. But we were faced with a difficult choice. Our present size—thirty-six pages—is neither economical nor technically efficient. It necessitates printing a four-page form on different presses from those used for the rest of the paper. The separate operations resulting from this are a nuisance to us and to the printer. So we were forced to choose between returning to the old thirty-two-page book or going up to forty pages.

The first alternative would have meant dropping the new section on Political War or, possibly, squeezing it into smaller compass and eliminating other features. We did not like that idea. The new section has been enthusiastically received by readers; it is followed carefully in various government offices; and events make it more important every week. We did not want to reduce or eliminate other departments either, and consideration for our readers argued against the use of smaller type as a space-saver.

So we decided, instead, to add four pages. To do this and still use our present grade of paper would involve an increase in cost that *The Nation* could never stand unless we were prepared to raise the price to our readers. Most magazines have raised their price—many have doubled it—but we want to avoid this if possible, or at least put it off as long as we can. Another reason why we could not go up in size and stick to our present paper is that the government is urging a reduction in the amount—which means the weight—of paper used. So we shall shift to a lighter grade of paper at the same time that we increase the number of pages. This change will at one stroke save enough money to make the larger size possible and reduce the total weight of *The Nation* in compliance with the government's wishes.

That is the story. We shall try to meet the challenge of this stormy period with more and better articles. We shall give our readers more space in which to express their opinions. We shall gradually add new writers and new features. We believe that time will justify our decision to grow rather than shrink.

EDITOR, THE NATION

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The Shape of Things

THE RESIGNATION OF LEON HENDERSON IS a severe blow to those who have been insisting that the war should be fought on the home front with the same zeal and courage as on the firing line. Most criticisms of him are an outgrowth of his determination to let no special interest wreck the price-stabilization program. It is probably true that he was not always as tactful with the Congressmen representing special interests as he might have been. He failed rather conspicuously in the vital task of educating the public to the value and necessity of his rationing and price-control program. But it is probably fair to say that no one could have succeeded at this task in the face of constant sniping from a section of the press more interested in discrediting the New Deal than in winning the war. Mr. Henderson was blamed for all sorts of things over which he had absolutely no control. He was held responsible, for instance, for the complicated questionnaire sent to the truck owners by Coordinator of Transportation Eastman. And he was blamed for the delay in the food-rationing program, though Congress had specifically denied him funds to put it through. Not even his enemies question his integrity, competence, or courage—qualities badly needed today.

*

THE RED ARMY HAS OPENED THE THIRD phase of its winter offensive by a sweeping advance through the Nazi lines paralleling the middle Don. Two columns are converging on the important junction of Millerovo. According to the Russian communiqués, some 300 villages have been retaken, over 40,000 Germans killed or captured, and a huge amount of booty seized. In an area as large as Russia the recovery of territory means little in itself, as was shown last winter when the German defense system of loosely linked strong points held despite the wedges driven between them by the Soviet forces. But this year the Red Army is slicing into the German lines even more vigorously and levying a heavy toll on communications which are far more extended than a year ago. In last winter's campaign Hitler's isolated garrisons depended largely on air-borne supplies. This year the Luftwaffe's transport service is also heavily engaged in the Mediterranean. The new Soviet advance threatens the air bases from which the Axis forces in the Stalingrad pocket have been succored, and their position, already desperate, may soon prove hopeless. German radio reports are significantly speaking of military decisions to shorten the front on the middle Don. The Soviets' brilliant advances will probably necessitate far more extensive movements of this nature, not only by tightening the net around the besieged besiegers of Stalingrad but by threatening the flank of the Nazi Caucasus army.

TENSION ABOUT SPAIN DIMINISHED somewhat over the week-end, and Radio Berlin and Radio Rome dropped for the moment their pretense that Dr. Negrín was plotting the invasion of Spanish Morocco with General Eisenhower. A broadcast from London announcing that the Loyalist Premier has been in Oxford during the last few days, attending a conference on European reconstruction, has put an end to Axis rumors of his presence in North Africa. But Radio Berlin soon found another exciting subject for its Spanish listeners in the arrival at Madrid of General Augustín Muñoz Grande, commander of the Blue Division sent by our prospective ally, General Franco, to fight against our actual ally, Russia. Serrano Suñer, in his new all-power post in the Council of the Phalanx, provided the "spontaneous" demonstration that welcomed General Muñoz Grande to the capital. According to Berlin, thousands and thousands of Spanish patriots rushed to the station to hail Muñoz Grande with the cry, "Gibraltar! Gibraltar! Gibraltar!"—words directed by our prospective ally, General Franco, against our other actual ally, Great Britain. Hitler contributed personally to the glorification of the commander of the Blue Division by bestowing upon him the Iron Cross with oak leaves.

*

WHETHER THE "IBERIAN BLOC" FORMED ON Monday offers a counterbalance to the news coming from Spain on the days preceding, it is too early to predict. In itself Spain's approach to a country like Portugal, which, although ruled by a dictatorship, has so many traditional links with England, sounds encouraging. But neither the speeches exchanged in the Place of Cintra between the head of the Portuguese state, Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, and Franco's visiting Foreign Minister, General Gómez Jordana, nor the composition of the Spanish delegation was reassuring. General Jordana took with him the chief of staff of the Spanish army, General Martínez Campos, a rather curious choice for a mission whose officially proclaimed purpose was to keep Portugal and Spain out of the war. The speeches abounded in praise of peace, "but not a static peace," observed Gómez Jordana, "a peace that follows the events of the general struggle with undiminished attention and with a determination to prevent old things [meaning, we may assume, democracy] from surviving." The added fact that before leaving Madrid the Spanish Foreign Minister talked at length with the German Ambassador and that Berlin has hailed the Iberian bloc as a contribution to the stabilization of Europe should also moderate any hopes that may be founded on this current peace crusade of Phalangist Spain. All of which makes us suspect that instead of Portugal taking Spain over to the Allies, it is Spain which is trying to assure the acquiescence of Portugal in the event of a Nazi march through the Peninsula.

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THE "VICTORY FUND DRIVE" HAS BROUGHT into the Treasury's coffers a great deal more money than had been anticipated. The goal set for December's super-financing was $9 billion; the range of securities offered gave the smallest wage-earner as well as the biggest bank an opportunity to participate. Over $10 billion has been subscribed, and Mr. Morgenthau has now raised his sights to $11 billion. This total should be easily achieved, especially if those fortunate enough to enjoy Christmas bonuses invest them in war bonds. A Treasury tabulation shows that of the funds subscribed up to December 19 roughly 45 per cent was derived from banking sources and 55 per cent from the general public, including insurance companies, institutions, trusts, and the like. This ratio is being hailed as very satisfactory, but in our opinion the share of the banks is still too large to be healthy. Government borrowing from non-banking sources means the absorption of real savings and is definitely anti-inflationary in its effects. When Mr. X buys a $1,000 bond, his deposit account is reduced by that amount. The Treasury uses the proceeds to pay Mr. Y, a contractor, who puts it in his own bank. The effect is to leave the total of spendable deposits unchanged. If Mr. X, however, chooses to keep his savings liquid in his deposit account, he provides a fund which his bank can lend to the government. But after the money has been passed along to Mr. Y, total deposits are increased by $1,000, and to that extent available purchasing power has been enlarged. That is why borrowing from the banks is inflationary in its effects. It can hardly be avoided altogether, but it ought to be held to a minimum.

*

THE C. I. O. HAS PRESENTED A MAN-POWER program to Paul V. McNutt which deserves the fullest support from everyone interested in effective, immediate mobilization of the labor resources of the country. It calls for complete coordination with the Manpower Commission of the activities of those agencies which have jurisdiction over procurement, the issuance of contracts, and the disposition of raw materials. It asks that employers be compelled to make full use of Negroes, racial minorities, and women. Measures are requested to assure full protection for workers who are "frozen" on a particular job or are transferred from one job to another. Participation of labor is asked in decisions involving the drafting of workers from war jobs to the armed forces. Stress is placed on the necessity for expanding the United States Employment Service, with enlarged appropriations for its activities, and on the establishment of national minimum standards of social security for all workers. The C. I. O. proposals do not constitute, of course, a complete man-power program. They must be accompanied by a careful plan for enlisting, training, and providing for the special requirements of women workers. Some degree of compulsion is probably necessary in placing men and women in war work. But no man-power program can possibly succeed unless it wins the support of labor by the inclusion of safeguards such as those outlined in the C. I. O. proposals.

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THE TWO MAJOR RADIO NETWORKS WHICH in October refused to sell time for the purpose of publicizing the cooperative method of retailing have since then received quite an education. They have learned that the cooperative movement is neither a freak affair nor a subversive organization but an eminently sensible means of self-help, embracing several million consumers and enjoying formidable political backing. The lessons resulted in a partial retreat, which has taken the form of an agreement between the code committee of the National Association of Broadcasters and the Cooperative League. At the time of the original dispute the Columbia Broadcasting Company issued a statement indicating that while radio advertising of a cooperative-labeled product would be acceptable, any attempt to inform listeners about the unique features of cooperative trading would be barred on a commercial program. The agreement now reached declares that "there is no objection to commercial copy incorporated in a program sponsored by a cooperative enterprise which states that (a) any person can make purchases at cooperatives; (b) membership in cooperatives is open and voluntary; (c) cooperatives are owned by members, each of whom has one vote; (d) profits or savings are returned to member owners." This represents a reasonable compromise which will enable the cooperatives to sell their ideas as well as their wares, although it will bar the program originally drafted by the Cooperative League, which by presenting the history of the movement in dramatic form mingled, in effect, the "commercial" with the entertainment.

*

NO DOUBT IT WAS TO KEEP A MILITARY secret from the farm belt that Rubber Administrator Jeffers sent off a committee to investigate Soviet rubber processes without announcing the names of its members. For it turns out, on prodding by the Gillette committee, that the men chosen by Jeffers represent the oil and chemical interests which have been opposed to using farm products in the rubber program and which turned a deaf ear a year ago to Soviet offers of aid. Three members of the four-man committee are from companies which had alliances or friendly understandings with the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben cartel—du Pont's United States Rubber, Universal Oil Products, and Carbon and Carbide. The last-named is indeed, as Jeffers said, interested in making rubber from alcohol. In fact, it has the synthetic-rubber program's entire allotment of rubber to be made from alcohol, no doubt in order to keep that part of the program in safe hands. Carbon and Carbide

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normally makes its alcohol synthetically from petroleum and natural gas. It is the chief support of the Mellon Institute, whence Jesse Jones and the WPB drew their two main advisers on our badly advised synthetic-rubber program. No one on the committee represents the Midwestern agricultural scientists who are interested in finding new uses for that section's surpluses and who have done such notable work in making rubber from farm products.

Darlan States His Case

DARLAN'S statement on his purposes and present policies, issued last week, is worth examining from a number of angles. Perhaps the most important thing about it is the fact that it was made public at the White House with a covering message by the President. This gives the statement the force of an officially indorsed explanation. In effect it is the government's answer to those who have criticized the deal with Darlan on political grounds, and by the same token it is an admission that criticism was both widespread and bitter enough to necessitate an explanation. Perhaps it is encouraging to know that Darlan is sufficiently amenable to American pressure to issue a statement designed to soothe the feelings aroused by his assumption of office.

Certainly little encouragement can be drawn from the document itself. Darlan's disclaimer of personal ambition is as unconvincing as his assertion that all he wants is a restored France free to choose its own form of government. His whole record, together with his political-financial connections, described on a later page of this issue, make such talk pure poppycock.

Much more interesting are certain concrete references to present arrangements in North Africa. He says that "in actual accomplishments, the High Commissioner [himself] has already granted full and complete amnesty to all against whom any action had been taken because of sympathy to the Allies. . . . Prisoners and internees of the United Nations were promptly released. . . . The High Commissioner has begun the restoration of rights to those persons from whom these previously had been taken because of their race. Measures have been taken to stop immediately whatever persecution of Jews may have resulted from laws passed in France under German pressure." Note the wording of that statement, so artfully designed to gloss over uncomfortable realities. Note, for example, with what care it avoids saying that Spanish and Jewish and other anti-Nazi refugees have actually been freed; how craftily it suggests, without saying so, that all French political prisoners have been released; how clearly it admits, without appearing to, that legal restrictions against Jews are still effective. The fact is, as the Fighting French radio station at Brazzaville reported early this week, the Spanish Loyalists are still in prison in North Africa. So are the Jews and the other refugees from the Axis. So are all but a few of the Fighting French. Until the President tells us that these people have all been turned loose and the anti-Jewish laws swept out of existence, we shall continue to look upon the Darlan statement as an unworthy piece of political hokum.

The one thing it clearly establishes is the meaning of the term "temporary." By giving official approval to Darlan's own version of his tenure of office, it announces in effect that "temporary" means "for the duration." This was evident before Darlan told us so, but to have the truth so bluntly and officially admitted will undo any reassuring effect the statement might otherwise have had. The peoples of Europe expect a hard and long war. They have no desire to fight it by the side of men whose character they have every reason to despise. In this week's Political War section we publish almost the whole text of a leading editorial in *Tribune*, the well-known London weekly of left opinion. We publish it not because it is a model of accuracy or journalistic prose—unfortunately it is rather carelessly put together—but because it expresses so bluntly the anger and deep distrust aroused in England by the Darlan deal. These emotions are shared by conservatives and leftists alike, and there is no use in censoring them, as the British tried to do. The knowledge that Darlan is in for the duration will do little to relieve the feelings of men who say with bitterness born of three years of struggle: "We did not need an American expeditionary force to tell us that it is cheaper to compromise with an enemy than to fight him."

Peril in China

THE announcement that British troops have recrossed the border into Burma is significant chiefly for its possible effect on the desperate situation in China. So far, the British drive appears to be a limited one, designed to recapture the narrow valley which is served by the port of Akyab. Such a drive of itself would be of no value to China even if it were fully successful, but as part of a coordinated plan to recapture the Burma road, it would have very important consequences. For it is no secret that feeling toward Britain and the United States has become extremely bitter in China in recent months as a result of the failure of those countries to send effective aid to China.

Nowhere has the Chinese case been put more effectively than in a recent letter to *PM* by the distinguished novelist Lin Yu-tang. Dr. Lin points out that of the hundred transport planes requested by China at the beginning of the year only forty were sent, and that twenty-five of these were diverted to India. Although the

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twenty-five were ultimately restored to China, after months of negotiation, the monthly supplies now reaching China are only about 1 per cent of the normal capacity of the Burma Road and less than could be carried on a small 2,500-ton steamer. He adds that only a handful of fighter and bomber planes have been sent to support the Chinese military effort, and warns us that the Chinese army cannot hold out indefinitely unless something is done to replace and repair existing transport equipment.

Japan's strategy for taking advantage of this situation has become quite clear. Recent reports indicate that at least 30,000 troops, with considerable air support, have been massed in the Lungling-Tenchung area along the Burma border for an invasion of Yunnan province. Unless the present drive into the Akyab corner of Burma is expanded into an offensive directed against Burma proper, the Japanese can probably succeed in cutting the tenuous air line that now connects China with the outside world. If this should happen, the situation of the Chinese would be all but hopeless, and there is little doubt that defeatist elements in the government would do their best to bring about a peace with Japan. This would, of course, be a disaster for the United Nations on every count, not least because it would rob us of the eventual possibility of using China's superb airfields for a direct attack on Japan.

As Lin Yu-tang has pointed out, China is not asking much. It is not asking us to abandon our African campaign or even to give up the struggle in the Solomons and New Guinea. It asks only for a small fraction of our military output, enough transport planes to restore effective communications between Chungking and the outside world and enough men and supplies for an all-out campaign to reconquer Burma before it is too late. To this should be added, as one Chinese spokesman declared recently, enough long-range bombers and fighter escorts to carry the war directly to Japan. As *The Nation* has consistently pointed out, these measures are as much in our interest as they are in China's.

The Power Is Nelson's

THE Small Business Committee of the House of Representatives deals much too harshly with the OPA and much too gently with WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson in its tentative report on the conditions it found in the South and Southwest. It declares that the Smaller War Plants Corporation, though established six months ago, has had "practically negligible" results in those areas. The committee held hearings in St. Louis, Memphis, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Birmingham, and Charlotte. "In none of the cities visited," the committee says, "was there an operating organization set up to represent the corporation and to do the work for which it was created. Yet in all the localities visited the committee found many unused facilities and many distressed small manufacturers who have been trying desperately to obtain contracts to produce necessary war materials." Who is to blame?

The committee reports that on December 15 it questioned "Mr. Lou E. Holland, chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation," and it attributes the failure of the corporation "to the management." But Holland and the four nonentities who make up the board of the SWPC are not its management. The management of the corporation lies in the hands of Donald M. Nelson, who is its chairman. Holland, an energetic and able small business man from Kansas City, is only vice-chairman. Under the act creating it the SWPC can obtain no contracts for distribution to smaller businesses without separate certification of each contract by the chairman. The vice-chairman and his colleagues are completely dependent on Nelson, and Nelson's aid to small business is limited almost entirely to pious reflections before Congressional committees on the importance of preserving it. Nelson delayed the establishment of the SWPC for many weeks after the act was passed. He picked a weak board to run it, and he seems to have succeeded in draining Holland of the vitality and fighting power the latter showed before Nelson summoned him to Washington.

The remedy is simple and should be obvious to Wright Patman and his colleagues of the House committee. The original draft of the Smaller War Plants Corporation Act, the Murray-Patman bill, would have set up an independent body empowered to make and finance war-production subcontracts for small business men in a "bits and pieces" program. In order to win Nelson's approval, the bill was amended to make him chairman of the SWPC and the SWPC dependent upon him. Events since the passage of the act make it hard to avoid the conclusion that Nelson took the House and Senate Small Business committees into camp. A frontal attack on the bill would have been hopeless; both houses finally passed the measure unanimously. Nelson adopted shrewder tactics. The remedy is to take the power away from him and make the SWPC independent.

The Patman committee's criticism of price regulations as they affect the retailer are less convincing than its findings in the field of war production. No doubt there are many cases in which retailers find themselves caught in price squeezes, but the committee has yet to demonstrate that these are not the exceptional and unavoidable tragedies of price control. Politically, it is much easier to assail the "bureaucracy run riot" of price control—everybody is against bureaucracy—than to look too closely into why small business has been unable to get its share of war orders. We think it wiser to suspend judgment on this portion of the committee's findings until it publishes the more detailed report it has promised.

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A Call to Action

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE NATION has never been known as a journal that ignored the faults of its favorites. Like a stern parent it has seemed to take satisfaction in chastising those it loves, expecting of them a higher standard of behavior than it demands of the rest of mankind. But even *The Nation,* I have discovered in turning the pages of old volumes these last few days, has found little to disapprove of in the conduct of George W. Norris. From the day when Norris stood against America's entrance into the last war to the day when he firmly supported its entrance into the present one, his policies, his character, his whole approach to problems of government have consistently won the praise of this journal of highly critical opinion. His steadfast adherence to the very essence of democratic behavior has been something that the most cantankerous critic could only try to emulate.

Next week *The Nation* and the Union for Democratic Action together will sponsor a dinner in New York in celebration—I use that word deliberately—of George Norris's recent retirement from the Senate. The response to the invitation already indicates how many people in this part of the country have been eagerly awaiting an opportunity to express their affection for the man whom all progressives, without regard to voting frontiers, have looked upon as their particular Senator.

I don't believe the guest of the evening will have any idea, unless he accepts my word for it, how many of those who gather to do him honor are, in a special sense, his legitimate political offspring; how many, like *The Nation* itself, look upon him as a chief source of their hopes and plans for a decent society in this country.

Again I can properly draw upon *The Nation's* long relationship with our Senator to illustrate this truth. It was in 1923 that George Norris first decided to retire from the Senate. The words he spoke at that time were both true and misleading: he had, he said, "been bucking this game for twenty years, and there is no way of breaking it." But *The Nation* called him back to the fight in an article by Oswald Garrison Villard which said in part:

> We understand full well the wear and tear of the daily senatorial drudgery upon him who is worthy of the office. We know that the fulness of years approaches—you have passed your sixty-second birthday. And yet, understanding all this, we can but say to you this is no time to flinch. . . . It was you, George W. Norris, who, when a Representative, led the successful fight against Cannonism in the House. . . . It was you who led the numerous struggles to better the plight of the farmer you know and understand so well. . . . Everywhere there are indications that the inevitable period of black reaction is drawing to a close, that the tide of liberalism is rising again. . . . New allies and new friends are sitting at your right and at your left in the chamber you have so long graced. Then why surrender now?

He yielded, generously, to the pressure of his friends and ran again for the Senate, but it is certain that he did it without ever anticipating the democratic victories he was to win in the nineteen years which followed. For then, as today, George Norris realized neither his own strength nor the degree to which the progressive forces in the country counted upon him for leadership. His failure to recognize those facts must be attributed to two elements in his make-up: first, a deep, though intermittent, current of pessimism which generally serves the useful purpose of lending realism to his crusades and a salutary drop of acid to his estimate of men and events; and, second, that profound, unaffected modesty which has colored his whole public life.

It is safe to say that Senator Norris looks upon himself as a decent, honest, liberal sort of man who has done his best to represent the people who sent him to Washington and the interests of the country as a whole. That he has achieved a position of national leadership from which he cannot possibly retire, especially in this hour of crisis in the fight for a democratic future, has not, apparently, even occurred to him. As we all know, George Norris has left the Senate in a mood of discouragement. His defeat was for him a sign that the tide of progressive political action is ebbing, that his own long, untiring fight has ended in failure. Again he has allowed himself an hour of despair after a lost battle.

I hope I shall not sound like a political innocent if I express the opposite view. The defeat of George Norris will, I firmly believe, result in a period of new and broader service for him and in a spiritual awakening for the country. Defeat is sometimes more salutary than victory, and the election in November should be looked upon as America's political Dunkirk—a shock which will rekindle the fighting faith of the progressive forces in this country.

On every ground—experience, valor in action, wisdom, even seniority—George Norris is the natural commander of those forces. His retirement from the Senate of the United States frees him for active field service in a war we know today must be fought on all fronts—from the farms of Nebraska to the shores of Tripoli.

The fight is for a world that belongs to the ordinary man, to whom George Norris has devoted his strength, his integrity, his undiminished courage. It will be a tough fight. The setback suffered by the democratic spirit in America is a real one. Our enemies are confident and aggressive. We can win, but we can win only if we accept defeat as a challenge, if we rouse ourselves to fight together and fight hard. And this we are determined to do. Confidently we summon George Norris to lead us in this greatest battle of his career.

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The Loss of Leon Henderson

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 20

HOW well Leon Henderson served the people of this country will become more apparent as the new Congress, on a reactionary rampage, forces a general loosening of anti-inflationary regulations. Up to now, thanks to Henderson's integrity and courage, and despite the power exercised by special economic interests in our political life, we have done a better job than any other capitalist country in fighting inflation. The loot of Europe has tended to hold German prices down; Lend-Lease has helped maintain supplies in Britain. We have managed to hold the advance in the cost of living to less than a fifth of the advance that occurred in the First World War, although a much larger share of our productive capacity is going into war production and war exports. This is a magnificent achievement, and it is the more remarkable because up to last May Henderson had no real power over any prices and has never had adequate power over farm prices.

The clamor of the press against Henderson is no real index of the public's attitude toward him, but no man can expect to be a price administrator in war time and win popularity contests. Henderson's fate deserves a place in the meditation of philosophers. By fighting inflation he was serving the general interest but antagonizing a long list of special ones. These were not limited to what we are accustomed to call "the interests." The steel industry knuckled under to Henderson on prices at a time when he had only the power of bluff and bluster. It was the farm bloc and labor which proved his undoing—the former by a frontal attack, the latter by the inability of the rank and file to work up much enthusiasm for a man who was holding down their wages, albeit for the best of reasons. He had to step on everybody's toes in order to protect everybody from runaway prices. The pain inflicted was immediate, the danger comparatively distant. Everybody seemed to feel the hurt to his own special interest more deeply than the benefit to the general interest in which all shared.

There are many reasons for Henderson's resignation, but none of them would have mattered had it not been for the last elections and the next Congress. His eyes are bad and his back needs treatment; these ailments, though genuine enough, come nevertheless under what Freud might have called the psychopathology of politics. There is nothing wrong with him that a New Deal victory and two weeks in a health resort could not patch up. The President did not ask for his resignation but must have been relieved to get it as he prepares to deal with the new Congress. A new face is a good thing at any time in so unpopular a post as that of price administrator, and to the White House it must have seemed all the more necessary at this time. Henderson resigned after asking the advice of Byrnes.

Henderson's unpopularity in Congress was based on two things. One was that he had the spunk to say no to requests for special favors. These requests came from progressive as well as reactionary members of Congress anxious to "take care of" industries and persons back home. The other was that, whether from ineptness, excessive political purity, or naivete, or possibly all three, he allowed price-control jobs and machinery to fall largely into the hands of state political machines. These were often anti-New Deal and in many cases Republican. In some strategic areas in the last election the OPA patronage and machinery helped to defeat New Deal candidates. These practical considerations rather than the use of logarithmic computations in questionnaires turned Congress against him. If Henderson had "played ball" he could have used differential calculus in fuel-oil rationing and still found defenders on the Hill.

Henderson's retirement is part of the general movement away from liberalism. He has led a precarious existence since his appointment to the Defense Commission in May 1940. He has made his compromises, but on every basic issue he has been firm—and right. He led the fight in 1940 for expansion of steel, aluminum, and other basic materials. He led the fight in 1941 for curtailment and conversion of civilian industries. Had he been in a position to run, rather than merely to needle, the defense program, we should have been far ahead of where we are now in war production. Around him, in the price administration and the civilian-supply division of the WPB, were the ablest and most devoted group of New Dealers and progressive business men in Washington. The only field in which they had authority was prices, and there they did a good job. Henderson's resignation marks the second phase of the New Deal retreat, as the alliance with big business in May, 1940, marked the first. Both have their political logic, but the time may rapidly be approaching when the President will have to stand and fight. When that time comes, Henderson will return to the high position he deserves.

I had intended to devote this week's letter entirely to Henderson's resignation, but late tonight, from a trust-

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worthy source, I received some information of importance on the supposed revolutionary plot uncovered in Bolivia. The "revolt" so happily stifled by the imposition of martial law seems to have had a good deal more to do with the shortsighted social policies of our State Department and diplomatic service than with the machinations of Nazi agents. In last week's issue I reported that I had heard that the American Minister to Bolivia, Pierre Boal, was trying to persuade the President of that country to veto a silicosis-prevention law. It appears that this law was only part of a general labor code which was before the Bolivian Congress. The imposition of martial law prevented the code from coming to a final vote, a fact discreetly omitted by the official reports from La Paz.

The demand for the passage of the general labor code was one of the causes of a strike in the tin mines, which was also crushed by the declaration of martial law. The code would have provided, among other things, for collective bargaining, freedom of organization, minimum wages, and payment of wages every fifteen days. This final provision is the best commentary on the labor conditions prevailing in Bolivia. Actually the miners are kept in a kind of peonage. As Mr. Boal is said to have put it recently in a five-page cable to Secretary of State Hull, "They are now paid tardily deliberately in order to maintain them on the job and to give them a stake in their next month's pay." This was a delicate way of saying that if the miners were paid late and irregularly they went into debt, and that if they were in debt they had to keep on working. Our minister went to the President of Bolivia on behalf of the mine owners to prevent the passage of this labor code, although with the high prices we are paying for Bolivian tin the Patino interests can well afford to pay the miners better wages. Hull's reply to Boal's cable is reported to have given discreet support to the latter's anti-labor activity. For the sake of Good Neighbor relations, some Congressional committee ought to put the State Department on the griddle in this affair and show Latin America we mean what we say in our speeches.

The Men Behind Darlan

BY PAUL WINKLER

A FEW days after the occupation of North Africa London announced that two former Vichy politicians, Pierre-Etienne Flandin and Pierre Pucheu, had arrived in Algeria to confer with Admiral Darlan. This news was neither denied nor confirmed. According to reliable information since received, Flandin is actually in North Africa, and Pucheu is in Lisbon, maintaining contact with Algiers from there. Most commentators described Pucheu and Flandin as a pair of rats fleeing a sinking ship. If this description were true, the matter would be of limited interest only. But they are not fleeing, seeking asylum with the probable winners. They are engaged in carrying out an important mission intrusted to them by certain French financial circles which, in full agreement with German industrial groups, plan a joint control of the European economy—an association in which the Germans are to have the leading role and the French must content themselves with that of junior partner.

The ominous significance of Darlan's elevation to power in the camp of the United Nations lies not in his past record as a political apologist for the Axis but in his present role as a tool of interests which want to assure themselves an economic strangle-hold on Europe even in the event of a German defeat.

Most people in America think that the numerous transfers of the controlling interest in French enterprises to German hands were effected under the threat of German guns and bayonets. It is true that thousands of French stockholders, large and small, were compelled to turn over their holdings, but the powerful French group which organized these transfers was under no coercion. When the real story of the collapse of France is written, it will be clear that the systematic subjugation of French firms to German control was deliberately planned by this small group of Frenchmen, in agreement with their German friends. Pucheu played a leading role in the machinations of this group.

Some day it will also be clear that these men did everything possible to bring about the collapse of France because that was to be the screen behind which their economic transactions would be carried out. It is still too early to present the evidence in its entirety, but enough is known now to show how these men benefited from the disaster.

As soon as the German army occupied Paris, a horde of accountants arrived in the city. All French enterprises of any size were approached, at first in a friendly manner: "We do not want anything from you, but we should like to make an audit of your operations for statistical purposes. We would appreciate your cooperation with our accountants." These audits were very valuable for their sponsors because they permitted an evaluation of each enterprise and a decision on whether it was worth

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taking over. At this stage of the procedure the board of directors was usually called to the German embassy in Paris for a "conference." There they were invited to hand over the majority of the shares of the company (generally 51 per cent) either to a French intermediary or directly to some large German firm.

At first most French corporation heads objected. General de la Laurencie, a conservative but patriotic French general, was Pétain's delegate in Paris immediately after the armistice, in July and August, 1940. De la Laurencie considered it his duty to encourage the French corporation heads in their resistance. He was demoted by Pétain, who later kept him under house arrest for several months, and replaced by Fernand de Brinon, a financial journalist known for his frequent trips to Berlin in pre-war days as principal organizer of the Comité France-Allemagne.

De Brinon hastened to repair the damage done by General de la Laurencie. As Pétain's representative in the occupied zone, using the powers conferred on him by the Marshal, he exerted pressure of all sorts on the resisting boards of directors to obtain their compliance with the demands of the Germans. The members of the boards had to sign over their control in due legal form to a designated firm or group and could consider themselves lucky if they were given a subordinate position in the enterprise.

De Brinon appeared to be managing these transactions, but he merely did the preliminary work. As soon as the controlling interest had been obtained from the former owners, a designated "Franco-German group" took charge. This group was always predominantly German, with French "junior partners." The French participation was generally supplied by the same French banking firm. People in France soon began to talk about the frequent reappearance of the same men in these transactions, and the threads led in each case to the Banque Worms, aided at times by the Banque Lehideux, the Banque Mirabaud, and the Banque d'Indochine.

Persons connected with these banks, especially the Banque Worms and the Banque d' Indochine, have played an equally important political role during the past two and a half years as members of Pétain's entourage. Paul Baudoin, first Foreign Minister of Vichy, later secretary general of the Cabinet, is the leading man of the Banque d'Indochine. Before joining this bank, Baudoin was *inspecteur des finances,* that is, a member of the special corps which in France has at all times constituted the framework of the Treasury. His two closest friends in the Treasury were Jacques Barnaud and Yves Bouthillier. Bouthillier became Minister of Finance in the Vichy Cabinet. Several years ago Barnaud, on Baudoin's recommendation, became general manager of the Banque Worms. On leave of absence from his bank, Barnaud is at present High Commissioner for Franco-German Economic Relations in the Vichy Cabinet, officially in charge of the "supervision of the necessary transformations of French enterprises to enable them to participate in the economic life of Europe."

Pierre Pucheu, for many years closely connected with the Banque Worms, was lent by the bank in pre-war times to act as manager of the Franco-German Siderurgical (Iron and Steel) Office. This office, originally founded to further cooperation between French and German heavy industry, later became the breeding ground for more daring ideas. Pucheu, a leading figure in both the German and the French heavy industries, was the brains behind the scheme for handing over the control of all large French enterprises to German interests. His close connection with the Banque Worms procured for this bank a foremost position in the transactions. Further, the Banque Worms represented in France the Bank Schröder of Cologne. It was at the house of Baron von Schröder that Hitler and von Papen met on January 4, 1933, to put the last touches on the plans that were to bring the Nazis to power. The Bank Schröder has since then consolidated its effective influence on German heavy industry. And very naturally it has played an important role in German economic expansion in France and other European countries.

While he was with the Franco-German Siderurgical Office, Pucheu worked for both the Bank Schröder and the Banque Worms, whose interests coincided most of the time. They still coincide today, for both banks are planning to establish an economic empire with ramifications all over Europe.

Pucheu himself served for a time as Minister of the Interior in the Vichy Cabinet. When it was reported recently that he had gone to North Africa to join Admiral Darlan, opposition to him in the American press was based exclusively on his activities in the Pétain government. It was recalled that he had acted in a ruthless fascist spirit, filling jails and concentration camps with men of democratic leanings. Pucheu's real significance, however, is not to be sought in his record as a terrorist. He was always an "economist" and never a politician; he entered the Vichy government only to reorganize the French police into a willing instrument of his economic plans. After having reshuffled the police to suit this aim, he decided to labor in a more fruitful field. He is personally responsible for most of the spectacular deals by which French stockholders were despoiled of their rights, among others that which transferred 51 per cent of the stock of practically all French chemical enterprises to I. G. Farben.

Another man of the Banque Worms, Jacques Guérard, a former *inspecteur des finances* like Baudoin, Barnaud, and Bouthillier, acted as personal secretary to Paul Baudoin during the first months of the Vichy regime. The two had been associated in former years at the Banque d'Indochine. When on May 11, 1941, Darlan went to

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see Hitler in Berchtesgaden, he promised the Führer that he would facilitate the passage of German troops and planes through Syria to Iraq and Iran, where Axis plotting had reached its height. On his return to Vichy Darlan dispatched Guérard to Syria to arrange with General Dentz, the French military commander, for the passage of Axis units. Guérard knew the conditions well in this region, having been financial adviser to the government of Iran. In June the Free French conquest of Syria drove him back to Vichy.

Admiral Darlan

Some months later he turned up in Paris, and as a delegate of the Banque Worms organized there the subjection of all French insurance companies to German insurance firms. The event was announced in the French press as a "consolidation of the position of the French insurance companies, which will have in the future all the advantages of reinsurance with the powerful German firms."

Guérard is at present in Lisbon as Minister of France to Portugal. It was on his suggestion that Pucheu went to Lisbon. From this important European outpost, contacts can easily be maintained with diplomats of all nations, and communications between Lisbon and North Africa are excellent.

Flandin and Peyrouton, both old hands in French politics, deserve mention in connection with the deals referred to above because they helped in their accomplishment from behind the scenes. They were not members of the "inner circle" but were useful helpers on the political plane. Their roles were somewhat similar, Flandin serving as a right-wing and Peyrouton as a left-wing politician. Flandin's relations with the financial group date back several years. He has long been the most influential attorney of the Comité des Forges, the organization of steel manufacturers, which is one section of the larger organization of French heavy industry. Pucheu, in his capacity as manager of the Franco-German Siderurgical Office, was indirectly under the orders of the Comité des Forges. Though French industry in its totality was not subservient to German interests, the Comité itself was strongly under the influence of the Alsatian De Wendel family, which maintained through its German von Wendel branch close relations with the Bank Schröder and with various big industrialists of the Ruhr valley.

The cooperation of the leading members of the Comité des Forges was to be of great help in the execution of the various deals engineered by the Banque Worms. Flandin himself was occupied for many years with laying the political groundwork for these transactions. In his speeches he frequently mentioned "a system similar to Nazism or fascism" as a promising alternative to communism, and he carried on a persistent campaign in the Chamber of Deputies against any help to Czecho-Slovakia at the time of Germany's threat to the independence of that country. Since July, 1940, Flandin has been the most influential lobbyist for the Comité des Forges in Vichy.

Peyrouton, son-in-law of Malvy, the famous defeatist French politician who during the last war was convicted of having protected German spies, became Minister of the Interior in the Vichy government, and then was sent as ambassador to Buenos Aires, from which post he resigned recently because of his personal enmity to Laval. At present he is reported to have asked permission to go to North Africa to join Darlan.

Where does Admiral Darlan fit into this picture? During the last two years the "economists" of the Worms-Indochine group needed a strong man to carry through their plans with the utmost vigor. Laval, contrary to general belief, did not give sufficient help, at least during his first period of power, to the transfer of controlling stock ownership to the Germans. Though an outright fascist, ready for any slavish concession to the Nazis and happy whenever he could use his political influence to make a few hundred thousand francs in some petty deal, he was never part of the well-engineered plot of Pucheu, Barnaud *et Cie*. His arrangements were made with Otto Abetz and Ribbentrop and not with the financiers behind the scenes. Having been a lone wolf throughout his career, he acted as a free-lance political *intrigant*, without deep-reaching economic connections.

Until December, 1940, the "transformation" of French enterprises made slow headway. De Brinon applied all the pressure he could, but it was not enough to carry through a great many transactions quickly. Official decrees were needed to enforce the changes. Pétain would have been willing to sign them, but Laval, not disposed to facilitate deals to which he was not a partner, refused to let them go through.

It was then, in December, 1940, that Laval's removal was decided upon. In full agreement with Pucheu and Flandin, Peyrouton, then Minister of the Interior, organized the coup d'état against the recalcitrant vice-president. On February 9 Darlan became Foreign Minister, then successively acquired several other portfolios. On March 8, 1941, the New York *Times* announced: "Darlan Lays Basis of Collaboration. Reaches Agreement in Paris for Nazi Participation in French Key Industries.

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Germans to Get Shares. Plan Already in Operation in News Agency [Havas], Some Banks, and Manufacturing Plants." This meant simply that henceforth private negotiations for the tranfer of control to a Franco-German group would be superfluous. The procedure would be pushed through by means of governmental decrees. These decrees, signed by Pétain, in each case dismissed the old board of directors, appointed a new board, and increased the company's capital in order to enable the Franco-German group to obtain, at a nominal price, the new shares which represented control.

The Vichy correspondent of the New York *Times* described Darlan's policy as follows: "Mixed French and German control is expected to be introduced into numerous key companies of France, which will give the Reich authorities a say in all of the most important commercial and industrial enterprises here."

Darlan thus rendered an invaluable service to the German-French coalition which today controls all French economic life. Without him the transformation would have taken years. Today there is not a single French enterprise of any importance which has not been subjected to the simplified procedure organized by Darlan, chiefly in behalf of German heavy industry working with the Banque Worms group.

Up to the armistice Darlan was simply an ambitious "political admiral." He had spent most of his career as political secretary in the Ministry of the Navy, where he obtained quick advancement. Until June, 1940, Darlan does not seem to have had any close economic ties; he represented nobody but himself. Three days before Pétain's armistice broadcast he still favored the departure of the French government to North Africa to continue the fight from there. Two days later he declared loudly that any departure to Africa would be nonsensical. It was during these two days that the Worms group approached him and that they came to terms. Since that time Darlan has not been a free agent but has represented, though on a different level, the same economic interests as Pucheu and Baudoin.

Darlan decided to establish himself solidly as the chief henchman of the interests which he recognized, from June, 1940, on, as the most powerful in France. Being a good organizer, he did good work. He planted his own men in several key positions, especially in posts connected with the colonies, for the direction of which he had always had definite plans. At the beginning of the Vichy regime he exercised his influence over Admiral Le Barthe, his appointee to the post of Colonial Minister; later he designated Admiral Platon for the same post. Admiral Decoux, another Darlan man, signed the pact with the Japanese in Indo-China in July, 1940. Important economic arrangements between the Banque d'Indochine and Japan were the basis of this agreement.

Whatever has happened in Vichy on the political scene has been fireworks for the masses to cover up the economic transactions. Even the various fascist excesses had the same purpose. It is well known in France that the Cagoulards, who played an important part in the military collapse of France, were financed chiefly by Pucheu; Doriot and his Parti Populaire Français by Barnaud; and the Francistes of Bucard by Baudoin. Behind this fluid front the men who organized the economic deals have one continuing preoccupation—to insure the survival of their control in any eventuality, *including a German defeat.* The German bankers and industrialists, who are the chief beneficiaries of these transactions, and their French "junior partners" of the Banque Worms think exactly alike on this subject.

As long as German prospects for victory were bright, these Frenchmen had nothing to fear. Their position after the war would be sound and comfortable, even if inferior to that of their German senior partners. But when the tide began to turn, it became necessary to seek some form of insurance against disaster. Despite the legal forms that were observed in effecting the transfers, a post-war French government without any traces of Vichy would assuredly find ways to loosen the German economic grip on France, and the men who profited by that strangle-hold would go down to ruin. Clearly the greatest danger was not Germany's defeat but the possible recognition by the Allies of a really *free* French government.

It was probably to counter this threat that Admiral Darlan's trip to North Africa was decided upon. Pucheu, Flandin, Peyrouton can no more be regarded as rats fleeing the sinking ship than Darlan himself. These three men are in readiness—along with several others who have not yet been mentioned—to be called in by Darlan whenever he may think the moment has come to go a step farther on the path traced for him by this group. This path, they hope, will be marked by the following events: (1) acceptance by the Allies of a French government which in the military and political field will make promises to them but in the economic field will endeavor to keep intact the economic empire which the Germans, with their French associates, have established in France —with ramifications all over Europe; (2) peace proposals emanating from the same German economic group, possibly with a great number of concessions by the Germans in the political field. The purpose of this second move would be the definite stabilization throughout Europe of the German economic empire—with or without Hitler.

To accept the version that "Darlan represents only himself" is just as naive as to think that Hess represented only himself when he flew to England. During his career as a successful political admiral, Darlan learned that he could get much farther if he worked in close coopera-

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tion with powerful financial interests. Among the various French financial groups, he chose the one which resented Anglo-Saxon ideas of free economic exchanges and staked its future on Germany. He made this choice because he could observe the decisive influence of this group on French political history in recent years. He in his turn served it well; since 1940 he has contributed more than anybody else to the success of its ambitious plans.

Americans who today are offered facilities by Darlan for business deals in Africa should realize that these offers are not the prelude to the reestablishment in Darlan France of free economic exchanges of the Anglo-Saxon type. What Darlan offers them today is simply bait to induce them to accept a secondary role in the great German economic world-empire.

If Darlan is to be used, he should at least be used with open eyes.

Refugees: Burden or Asset?

BY KURT R. GROSSMANN

IN THE year 1797 the Honorable James Otis, Representative from Massachusetts, rose to express himself on the subject of immigrants. His speech was a warning against further unrestricted immigration. "When the country was new," he declared in 1797, "it might have been good policy to admit all. But it is so no longer." Twenty years passed. Then, in 1817, we find the *Niles Register* publishing the following warning: "The immigrants should press into the interior. In the present state of the times we seem too thick on the maritime frontier already." Although the predictions proved false, in 1835 there appeared a publication by S. E. Morse, "Imminent Dangers to the Free Institutions of the United States through Foreign Immigration," in which it was said: "Then we were few, feeble and scattered, now we are numerous, strong, and concentrated." The older immigrants feared the newcomers, and so it has continued to this day.

Nevertheless, it is plain from cold statistics that immigration has always been very far from the economic danger it is said to be. The usual arguments are that immigrants take jobs away from Americans and that they depress the standard of living. The truth is that throughout the period of mass immigration to the United States the number of jobs available constantly increased and economic life prospered; but when immigration declined, employment stagnated and economic crises developed. According to the United States Census of Manufacturers for 1938—surely an irreproachable source—7,700,000 immigrants entered the United States from 1899 to 1909. In the same period the number of jobs increased 40.4 per cent. In the following decade 6,600,000 immigrants entered; and the increase in jobs amounted to 35.9 per cent. The decade of 1919-29 is the decade of immigation restrictions—in 1924 the quota law was passed. Only 3,207,037 immigrants entered the country in that decade, and the number of jobs increased only 1.6 per cent. In the years 1929-35 America had more emigrants (64,905) than immigrants, and according to the United States Statistical Abstracts for 1938, employment openings in this period declined by about 17 per cent.

Today, although immigration has almost come to a standstill, although the war has produced a man-power problem which ought to encourage immigration, and although, according to Norman Angell's estimate, eight workers are necessary to make one soldier effective, an anti-immigration phobia has developed which bodes no good for the post-war world. Directed principally against refugees from Germany, this new wave of intolerance finds expression in such distorted thinking as Westbrook Pegler's contention that when the government says an employer must not discriminate against an applicant for work on the ground of race or religion, "we discard merit, ability, demeanor, and reliability as chief considerations and make race and religion the controllers." Going a step farther, Mr. Pegler urges that "the post-war period must see a clear demarcation between the rights of aliens and citizens."

Pegler is not the only one who takes this position. George E. Sokolsky has spoken of "the arrogant behavior of the refugees," and Ishbel Ross in her book "Isle of Escape" protests against the "dangerously lenient treatment of aliens by the government." The New York *Daily News* affirms that "the workers and farmers of the Atlantic seaboard area" hate the thought of Jews, Greeks, and other downtrodden people of Europe coming to America after the war is over. These assertions are only the prelude to a demand to close the country to a new immigration. What the realization of such a reactionary demand would mean politically need not be pointed out here. It would be the end of the ideas expressed in the Atlantic Charter.

What is the true picture of refugee immigration today? Have these wretched exiles really overrun the United States, taken away jobs from native Americans,

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and avoided military service? Here again, figures are readily available to all who want the truth.

In the period from July 1, 1932, to June 30, 1942, the number of immigrants admissible under the quota laws was 259,570 for Germany, 14,130 for Austria, and 28,740 for Czecho-Slovakia—a total of 302,440. During this period the number of Jews admitted from the three countries was 165,015, of whom about 12,200 entered in the last year. Since some 30,000 persons returned to Germany, the quota exceeded the number of Jewish immigrants by 167,425. The number of non-Jews entering the United States from the three countries in the same period has been estimated by William Rosenwald, chairman of the National Refugee Service, at 48,000. Another group that entered the country on visitors' visas and hence did not come under the immigration laws contained not more than 3,500 persons, Jews and non-Jews. The total of 216,515 persons (including children) from the three countries can hardly be considered extraordinary in view of the tragic situation of millions of Europeans. All who came to this country have satisfied the constantly tightened requirements regarding financial, political, and moral guaranties.

The occupational classification of Jews admitted up to June 30, 1941, is given in the following table:

	Number	*Percentage*
Professional	13,377	8.8
Commercial	29,229	19.4
Skilled	18,987	11.9
Servants	3,937	2.6
Laborers	819	0.6
Miscellaneous	2,761	1.9
Without occupation*	83,705	54.8
Total	152,815	100

* Including women and children.

For the age distribution, I give the figures for the quota years 1940 and 1941:

	1940		1941	
Age Group	*Number*	*Percentage*	*Number*	*Percentage*
Under 11 years	3,058	8.3	2,142	9.1
11–20 "	5,681	15.2	3,210	13.5
21–30 "	5,491	14.8	3,163	13.3
31–40 "	7,925	21.5	4,977	20.9
41–50 "	7,004	18.9	4,644	19.6
51–60 "	4,667	12.8	3,424	14.4
Over 60 "	3,119	8.5	2,177	9.2
Total	36,945	100	23,737	100

Of the total of 152,815 Jews admitted up to June 30, 1941, 47.7 per cent were men and 52.3 per cent women. That gives us 72,888 men, of whom some 42 per cent, or 31,113, were subject to military service (up to forty-four years). If we add the estimated 12,600 men, Jews and non-Jews, who came here after 1941, we find that the refugees represent a maximum reservoir for military service of 43,713, of whom at least 4,000, or 10 per cent, are already in the army. This computation does not take into account the lower average standard of health among the immigrants or the fact that the induction of every enemy alien has to be approved by the War Department. Many Czech Jews volunteered in Canada long before Pearl Harbor.

As for the economic value of the refugees, we have important material on the subject in a study carried out by the Committee for Selected Studies at the suggestion of Eleanor Roosevelt. This study, published by the Columbia University press under the title "Refugees at Work," covers 150,000 immigrants who came to this country in the quota years 1933-41. Their distribution at the close of that period is shown in the table below, and we may assume that it remains the same today, except for minor changes.

State	*Percentage*	*State*	*Percentage*
New York*	50	Massachusetts	4
California	8	Ohio	2.5
New Jersey	4	Texas	2
Michigan	4	All other states	21.5
Pennsylvania	4		

* 43.35 per cent in New York City alone.

A recent magazine article entitled Refugee Gold Rush* asserted that the refugees have brought into the country the fantastic sum of five billion dollars. But the figures of the Foreign Property Control show that, exclusive of the capital of a few rich immigrants, a maximum of one and a half billion dollars has been brought in since 1933. This is a small percentage of the total national income of seventy-five to one hundred billion dollars a year.

In actual fact refugee capital is put to work in American industry or disbursed by the refugees' families to satisfy their needs. In New York City the newcomers have created hundreds of new industries. Of the 829 concerns investigated by the Committee for Selected Studies, 114 employ only members of the owner's family; the other 715 have 9,000 employees, of whom 6,000 are American citizens. The committee report shows that, on the average, one so-called refugee concern gives work to seven Americans. Three hundred and six of the refugee firms investigated carry on their former work; 150 have brought new trades to the United States and sell articles which formerly had to be imported, such as fine leather goods, gloves, perfumes, Karlsbad wafers, Viennese knitted goods. Of the 306 firms referred to above, 60, at the time the report was issued, were already producing articles important to the war. In 1937 the United States imported $10,000,000 worth of gloves. Through the establishment of refugee factories in New York and Chicago and on the West Coast, we can in the future supply our own needs in this field. Diamond cut-

* By S. F. Potter, in the October issue of the *American Magazine*.

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ters have transferred their businesses, together with their machines and their special skills, from Belgium and Holland to the United States. A number of small diamond-cutting shops are now to be found along Seventh Avenue in New York City, and many Americans are employed in this new industry at good wages. Large amounts of the refugees' money are invested in war bonds. The New York *Times* of June 16, in a report on the work of the Minute Men, announced: "In Washington Heights Minute Men and Minute Women reported 100 per cent results, particularly among the many refugees who live in that quarter."

Competition for jobs between refugees and Americans is not a serious problem today when fresh sources of man-power are constantly needed. Many refugees are active in defense industries, where they are certainly more reliable employees than Bundists, even though the latter may have American citizenship papers. Through reeducation courses many have prepared themselves for manual trades. A table showing the occupational classification today would be very different from that given above. Hundreds of former shopkeepers are now standing at the turning-lathe.

The authors of "Refugees at Work" could not take these recent developments into account, but they came nevertheless to the following conclusion:

> On the basis of the facts noted above, it is clear that among the estimated 35,000 refugee workers in New York City . . . in 1940, there is very little likelihood of displacement of American workers. Refugee entrepreneurs have not engaged to any considerable degree in the large manufacturing industries. Although some refugee concerns have introduced new products and developed new patents and processes which have opened up some markets new to America, they have not to any appreciable degree offered competition to already established New York business enterprises. . . . Thus the question of the displacement of Americans by refugees is largely hypothetical. It has a psychological basis.

An unemployed and impoverished body of immigrants would of course be harmful to the country, but the immigrants who have escaped to America from Hitler's Germany represent excellent human material with which to secure the American way of life. They are the implacable foes of fascism. Is that, perhaps, the reason that they are so much disliked by the potential allies of fascism?

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Darlanism and Britain

[The censorship has never permitted the full story of the British reaction to the Darlan deal to be told in America. Opposition was general and, particularly in the left press, brutally outspoken. Brief references and short quotations were transmitted, but full texts were held up, even in the mails. The following editorial, which appeared in the independent left weekly Tribune, *on November 20, was one of the censored articles. Even the title was considered unsafe for American ears. The copy in which it appeared has just arrived in the United States. In subsequent issues the Political War section will reproduce other examples of British press opinion on developments on the political front.]*

The Whole Dirty Story

THIS paper has bent its energies to the successful prosecution of the war from the day this country took up the struggle against Nazism. Not for one day has it swerved from this cause. It fought for it. It convinced those who were skeptical of the imperialist leaders of what we called a war of the people.

For this same cause *Tribune* today lays bare the whole shabby story which has led to the appointment and recognition of Darlan.

We are not impressed by President Roosevelt's assurances. All they say, in effect, is that the Darlan regime will not be guaranteed in permanence in the manner in which the Foreign Office has insured the territories of General Franco. President Roosevelt has said the present arrangement is a temporary expedient. But how temporary and how expedient? President Roosevelt has said that he will insist on the liberation of all those imprisoned for "having fought against the Nazis." Does this include the thousands who fought the Nazis by fighting Darlan and Vichy and who rot now in the horrible prisons of North Africa? Does this include the 15,000 Republican Spaniards who have existed in a Saharan concentration camp for four ghastly years? Or will they have to continue their travails to prove our good-will to General Franco? No, President Roosevelt has only postponed the great decision. He has not changed the evil situation in North Africa.

AMERICA AND VICHY

What happened in Algiers was not the product of a military decision made by a soldier in the stress of battle. That is nonsense and untrue. The State Department in Washington—the United States Foreign Office—played ball with Vichy from the day of its inception to the day of its transplantation from Vichy to Algiers. It was also actively hostile to the Free French movement, and the official American consuls and representatives in Marseilles, Vichy, Lyons, and Madrid were among the worst opponents of the underground freedom movement.

In the meantime Admiral Leahy, the United States ambassador, remained on friendly terms with the old Marshal and the members of his government, among whom was the Minister of Defense, Admiral Darlan. In the spring of the year Admiral Leahy was recalled from Vichy and became the President's strategic adviser. In the light of subsequent events the appointment is highly significant.

Then during the summer the North African campaign was decided on. Apparently it was decided to leave the political warfare attendant on this plan to the military authorities who were concerned in it and to the "expert" on this territory, Admiral Leahy. From that moment onward, the cause for which thousands were giving their lives, and many more their energies and hopes, was quietly shelved.

In place of the Charter and the Four Freedoms, in place of the revolutionary appeals of the American leaders, in place of the exhortation by Allied radios and agents, there came Mr. Pat Murphy.* Mr. Murphy was a kind of diplomatic representative of the United States government in Algiers. He started talks with General Noguès, the Governor General of Morocco, and with many other military and civil representatives of Vichy in North Africa. The Germans heard of this soon enough, and a fierce campaign was developed demanding the recall of Noguès. Then Darlan went on a tour to West Africa and made speeches emphasizing Vichy's determination to resist and attack. Suddenly the Germans declared themselves satisfied with Noguès. Admiral Darlan returned to Vichy.

By this time the arrival of a vast convoy of warships and transports in Gibraltar was public knowledge. So was its departure eastward. Neither Vichy nor the Germans can have had any doubt by now as to what was impending. The Americans landed after a sort of token resistance by French marines. Admiral Darlan arrived in Algiers. He was taken prisoner and reappeared next morning in control of the military and civil administration of North Africa. Noguès followed, and the Allied-controlled Algiers radio began to broadcast in the name

*Obviously a reference to Robert D. Murphy, former Counselor of the American Embassy in Vichy, who became Consul General at Algiers when the program of sending supplies to French North Africa was inaugurated by the State Department.

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From "Tribune"

Vive les Rats!

of Darlan and Pétain. The State Department's political warfare had reached the point of consummation.

It does not look like a temporary expedient. It fits in rather with Mr. Sumner Welles's words to a British diplomat some months ago and reported in *Tribune* at that time. He was of the opinion that what France needed more than anything was a strong government which would avoid internal chaos after the war. He thought that the best manner of achieving this would be in a union of Pétain, Weygand, and De Gaulle which could avoid a radical solution of the French problem.

LOWEST FORM OF LIFE

Parallel with the negotiations with Darlan and Noguès in Africa, it seems negotiations were also going on with men like Flandin, Pucheu, and Peyrouton, men who make up the lowest form of life in Vichy France. All three were "peace-at-any-price" men before the war. Pucheau was a Cagoulard and a member of Doriot's party, and he was generally described as the Himmler of Vichy France during his tenure as Minister of the Interior under Darlan. He is one of Darlan's friends and his right-hand man. Peyrouton shares the dubious honor of claiming inside France a similar reputation to Pucheu. As for Flandin, this one-time reputed friend of Britain is one of the chief architects of France's defeat. These three are all reported to be in Algiers with the Admiral. They could not have got there without previous connivance and assistance from the American authorities.

Now sit back for a moment and let us consider these new friends of the Allied cause of freedom and democracy. Let us inspect Admiral Darlan as the most important convert.

His record since the armistice is remembered in France if not in Washington: his ruthless handling of all officers and men of the navy who were not 100 per cent loyal to Vichy; the arrest of thousands of opponents of the Darlan-Pétain regime in France and in North Africa; his treatment of the interned Spaniards, Germans, and Russians. But all this pales against the background of his international collaboration with the Nazis. It was Darlan who organized a common espionage system with the Axis in the Balkans. It was Darlan who ordered the Vichy marine attaché in Ankara to be second to Admiral Schuster in Sofia. Schuster was nominally in command of the Nazi Black Sea fleet and closely connected with the Nazi intelligence organization in the Balkans and Turkey. It is Darlan who was making appointments in his administration.

We were told last week that if Paris was worth a mass to Louis XIV, then the French fleet was worth collaboration with Darlan. But surely Darlan has been behaving strangely these last two years if all the time he meant to bring the fleet over to the Allies.

We will go so far as to say that Admiral Darlan never was in a position to bring over the fleet at any time during the past two weeks and that his broadcast calling on the fleet to sail was sheer dishonest bluff to fool the Allied people. It never fooled the Germans, and it could not help the unfortunate French sailors in Toulon.

These ships, which were under the Admiral's command, were in no condition to sail. They had no anti-aircraft protection and no submarine equipment. Both had been removed on orders from the Admiral or his subordinates. Personnel essential to get the fleet had been detained or arrested, again on the Admiral's orders. The fleet could not even get going to scuttle itself at sea. What sort of impression of Allied competence these French naval officers and ratings must have received from the Darlan broadcast can well be imagined. It was not surprising that Abetz, Hitler's envoy, expressed the opinion in 1941 that Darlan was the ideal person to be made chief of all European navies as counterpart to Göring as chief of all air forces.

OUR NIGHTMARE ALLIES

This is largely American doing, and we are glad to see that in the polite language of diplomacy the Foreign Office and the British government have expressed their concern at this policy. They can rest assured that on this issue at least they will be speaking for all people in this country and for millions who are praying in Europe that they will wake up tomorrow and find that the story that Darlan, Flandin and Company have joined the Allies is nothing but a wicked nightmare. Even the fact that General Giraud is commander-in-chief is more likely to compromise this soldier than legitimize Admiral Darlan in the eyes of the people of France.

We come now to the crucial question. Was the enrolment of Darlan really a military necessity? We have exploded the story of the fleet. We think there is very little more substance in that of the time factor, which has now taken the place of the fleet. Again let us speak frankly. Elsewhere in this issue we quote opinions of the underground French movement on Messrs. Darlan and Company. The North African setup has always been as near to a fascist setup as anything in pre-war France. The army was notoriously reactionary, particularly in the

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Popular Front days. It is already attracting the worst type of political reactionary to its colors. The generals without exception are reactionary, anti-democratic, and monarchist. The native soldiery is unpolitical and will do what it is told; once before the Moors were brought across from Africa to stifle a popular government. The French have not forgotten Franco and his Moors. The recognition of Darlan—however temporary—must have shocked the growing opposition in France. It must have broken many a fine fighter's heart, and, what is more, it must have again given [support to] the still widely held belief of *perfide Albion* breaking its pledges once more.

Military expediency without principles is the road to confusion and disaster. What is expedient in North Africa today may be inexpedient to undo next week, next month, or next year. We did not need an American expeditionary force to tell us that it is cheaper to compromise with an enemy than to fight him. That policy the people of this country rejected in 1939 and they reject it equally today.

This is more than an issue between Darlan and the Allies. It shows the way conservative minds work and the way they set the military and diplomatic machines going which they control. As against this, General de Gaulle has issued a firm and dignified proclamation refusing to have any truck with this dirty new deal.

His views will be indorsed throughout France—throughout the free world except in those circles which have shunned the open light during the years of crisis and are now reappearing, hoping to reestablish the old order of privilege with the help of Darlans everywhere.

They will be mistaken, we think. Parliament and the people have the immediate task of repudiating the action of generals and diplomats in flat contradiction to the principle for which we have gone to war. Thousands have gone to their death that this shall not happen. It must not happen.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AMONG the memories of the last war, one which has remained very vivid for Germans is of the worthlessness of their allies. "We have too poor allies," was the general complaint from the beginning of 1915 on. And in the end this opinion, passed down by word of mouth and even taught in the schools, was accepted as definitive. That Germany's allies did more harm than good became, one might say, the official view. They fought so badly that they were always needing help, and they had no moral stamina: Germany's collapse was finally brought about by the capitulation of first Bulgaria, then Turkey, then Austria-Hungary. In the Hitler era this impression was deepened by the myth which ascribed unique capacities to the German race. When the present war broke out, therefore, a certain skepticism about allies, even about the other member of the Axis, was latent in the German mind. Dozens of jokes circulating about the Italians show that the Germans were always inclined to rate them as worthless in the field and that they fear still more unpleasant surprises from them.

Various convincing signs now tell us that German distrust of the Italians has been sharply accentuated in the past few weeks. Moreover, it is clear that this access of gloom is connected with the British-American moral offensive against Mussolini; it became especially noticeable after Churchill's last speech. Incidentally, the German reaction provides proof that no people can be completely shut off from the outside world—not, at any rate, as long as the London radio can be heard so easily. Even news of proposals which have not materialized into overt acts trickles through. When some speech of a foreign statesman or some project of a foreign government touches Germans at a sensitive point, it soon becomes generally known and produces an effect. The best evidence of this is the reaction of the propaganda office.

In the matter of the Italians, the Berlin propaganda heads reacted at once and loudly. They evidently decided the customary method of belittling a fact by ignoring it would not work, and they let loose an avalanche of praise for Italian strength and determination. During the first week of December the domestic radio broadcast five scripts extolling the spirit and accomplishments of the Italians; during the second week, seventy-three. Ten times a day, in every imaginable connection, Italy was eulogized—"its profound unity with Germany, its steely calm and undaunted will to battle."

And that was not all. The big names in propaganda, one after the other, spoke to the people specifically about the current attempt to induce the Italians to quit the war. The high points of the campaign were an address by the radio oracle Hans Fritsch on December 3 and an article by Goebbels in the *Reich* of December 11. In between, stars of the second and third magnitude played variations on the theme. All made the greatest effort to convince their public that absolutely nothing was to be feared in Italy or from Italy. Italy stands firm! In Goebbels's words:

> Mr. Churchill does not seem to have grasped that this time all seductive wiles will fail with us. At regular intervals, through British propaganda agents or in person, he addresses one of the peoples of the Axis, trying by brazen words or an infamous campaign of rumors and lies to entice them into deserting their leaders. Last winter he selected us as his victim. Now it is the turn of our Italian allies. In his last speech the Duce gave him an answer which left nothing in doubt. Morally, it stripped Mr. Churchill bare. . . . He may twist and turn, he may don the mask of an honest man, or of a champion of humanitarian ideals, or of a benefactor of mankind, or

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> of a social reformer, we shall see to it that the gallery will greet him not with applause but with piercing whistles. While he imagines that he inspires his audience with awe, in reality it breaks into shrieks of laughter. Only halfwits fall for him.

The guaranty that the Italians will not succumb to these seductions, according to Herr Fritsch, lies in the fact that they, like their German comrades, have gradually learned to know the English. They know that Churchill is "one huge bundle of lies." They are well armed against "English attempts to split the forces of the enemy by hoary methods, methods which apparently came into the world with the first Englishman." Moreover, the Italians no longer listen to the enemy radio, the transmitter of these attempts. They simply never hear it. Like the Germans, like all good Germans, that is, they despise the air waves from London. "During this war only very small groups in the Axis countries listen—groups on which we have never counted, whose members have no sense of national honor and do not see any disgrace even in war time in lending a willing ear to the whispers of the enemy. They play no role whatever in our war effort." Don't worry, Germans; we can depend on Italy!

Every time an especially intensive campaign to "enlighten the people" is inaugurated, one may infer the presence of a corresponding amount of unrest. The German officials who build morale have done the best they could with the military situation. Their statement that the Fortress of Europe is still intact is true; even the attacks in the east have not yet shaken it. And there is a certain plausibility in their presentation of North Africa as merely the "glacis of the fortress"; hence the clashes there can have only secondary importance. However, the superficial correctness of this version of recent events does not blind those inside the fortress to the serious developments behind its walls. Now, in addition to their former troubles, they have this worry about the Italians.

The Germans have long had a more sharply defined conception of Italians than of any other nation. Ever since the break-up of the old Triple Alliance in 1914, they have thought of the Italians as a faithless people. When German speech fanatics in 1915 offered a prize for the best translation of "macaroni" the award was won by "perfidy noodles"—and grotesque as it may seem, macaroni appeared under this name for a long time on the menus of many restaurants. All Hitler's propaganda cannot root out the German conviction that Italy is a land of congenital betrayers.

The English and American political offensive against Italy, worth-while as it is in itself, acquires additional value from its effect on the Germans. We can imagine little knots of people gathering to discuss their somber affairs and the effect on them when someone suddenly asks, "And when are the Italians going to desert us?"

Radio Falange

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "You are always talking about the Spanish radio and its pro-Axis broadcasting. But you have never produced a single quotation. We do not want empty references but proof." Here is proof:

On November 3, speaking of the Atlantic Charter, Radio Falange Valladolid said:

> Wars have never been won by speeches and letters. Let them write as many letters as they please. In the meantime, a strong and united side is ending the enslavement of Stalin's people.

On November 23 Radio Valladolid commented prominently on a manifesto addressed to the French "government" by all the extreme reactionary parties demanding war on England and America:

> We will only say that the differences between the Americans and the British in North Africa, and between the different brands of French traitors, are growing. . . . On the other hand, each day the unity between all Frenchmen worthy of the name is becoming more marked. They are uniting behind Pétain, who in these critical hours has adopted the only attitude which will save his country.

On December 11 a commentator on Radio Coruña made the following comment on the views of Assistant Secretary of State Sumner Welles:

> Sumner Welles tells us that the main freedoms of this world are freedom of speech and religion. Freedom of religion means in Europe that the Jews will come again to take back their positions . . . followed by a train of misery, exploitation, and crime. Freedom of speech is not unknown to us. . . . We Spaniards know that democracy is known by the name of republic, and republic means atheism, robbery . . . murder by the roadside, rape, terror, and anguish. . . . We are not interested in the paradise which Sumner Welles offers to the world. . . . It is very dear for Spain, the price which Sumner Welles puts on a military victory for the United Nations.

Also on December 11 Radio Nacional Barcelona and Radio Burgos both broadcast this opinion of American war aims:

> American expansion . . . seems to aim at making the Atlantic an American sea. To achieve this, Americans are sending forces step by step into the African continent. At the same time they hope to establish in the Far East a sort of Federation of Asiatic States which they would perhaps dominate economically as they dominate South America today.

Of course our correspondent may say what various British and American commentators said of Franco's last speech: "Mere lip-service to Hitler." And he may not declare himself convinced until Radio Falange provides the final proof by hailing the march of Hitler's divisions across the Spanish frontier.

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U-Boats and Empty Bottles

BY HOWARD CLARKE

WE WERE tied up at the docks in San Francisco. It was coffee-time, and some of us in the crew were sitting on the bench outside the galley watching the stevedores load the after hatches.

"We're going to Honolulu again this time," remarked Joe, a water-tender sitting next to me.

"How d'you know?" asked Murphy, the wiper on Joe's watch. It was Murphy's first trip since the war.

"Can't you read?" replied Joe. "It's got Honolulu written all over the cargo boxes."

That is about the only way we crew members know where we are headed for. And that is the way the enemy knows lots of times, too. Their agents can read just as well as we can.

We were taking on onions this trip—tons of them. Honolulu had been without onions, besides a number of other things, for some months. I knew because a girl friend in Honolulu had begged me to pinch a couple from our galley for her on a previous trip. That had been two months after December 7. How they would go for those onions, I thought, as I watched the sling-loads disappear into the hatches.

We arrived in Honolulu early in the morning. The longshoremen swarmed up the gangway—Hawaiians, Koreans, Chinese, Portuguese, a few whites, and even some Japanese. It seemed strange to find Japanese working on the docks and ships, but these were born in Hawaii and were American citizens. Very few have been evacuated, for most of them have proved to be loyal, and also they are essential to defense work.

A Hawaiian winch-operator coming on board asked us what our cargo was.

"Mostly onions," we told him.

His face broke out in a wide Hawaiian grin. "That's going to make it even worse than last week," he said.

It wasn't long before everybody coming on the ship was telling us about the onion situation in Honolulu. Hawaii has never grown anything much except sugar and pineapples. When the blitz came, the army took over. Everything was run "by order of the military governor," but even he couldn't do anything about the immediate shortage of onions. With their water content, onions take up a lot of shipping space. And there was no shipping space to spare because Hawaii needed more guns, tanks, ammunition, and construction materials right off.

Nevertheless, the military went into action with a long view. Why not grow onions in Hawaii? They exhorted farmers, especially on the fertile island of Maui, to do so. Seed was planted, the onions thrived, and then came the harvest. Thousands of pounds were gathered on Maui to be shipped across to the city of Honolulu. But a Colonel Blimp had bungled. Contracts for tons of onions had been given to California growers. A week before our arrival a convoy had brought in a shipment from San Francisco, and here we were with still more! Jap submarines had been chasing us and those onions for two thousand miles; yet only fifty miles away from Honolulu onions were rotting on the Maui docks.

The Maui onion growers were mad. Other growers who had planted potatoes, celery, tomatoes at the urgent request of the military wondered whether similar imports wouldn't destroy the value of their harvests. Protests went to Washington through Hawaii's Delegate, Sam King. He introduced a bill to reimburse the Maui growers, but the money isn't the only thing. A chill was cast over the future of all diversified farming in Hawaii.

It wasn't until we got back to San Francisco that we heard about the Guadalcanal cabbages. The crew of the ship that had carried them bounced their beer glasses on the bars along San Francisco's Embarcadero and were plenty mad. They had dragged cabbages from San Francisco to the Solomons to find that one of Australia's biggest vegetable crops happens to be cabbages. On top of that, they had carried *fresh* cabbages. And the crew had learned that cabbages can easily be dehydrated for shipping and will then take up only a fraction of their original bulk. Even the bartenders tried to clean up their patrons' language a bit. We sympathized with them about their cabbages and told them about our onions. As yet we hadn't faced the bottle situation.

The cargo for our next trip to Honolulu was a "general cargo"—odds and ends. Cases of beer labeled "For Emergency Use Only" swung over the side. That's O. K., we thought. After all, we prefer mainland beer to the local brews in Honolulu. Cases of water chestnuts took more explaining. But if they wanted water chestnuts for their chop suey and couldn't get them any more from China, it was all right with us. The cases of canned shoestring potatoes brought some comment from the stewards' department. But then came the bottles—thousands of them. For hours the men and machines labored away to hoist and lower them into the hatches. And every bottle was empty.

That was what burned up the crew. We sailed importantly out of the Golden Gate under a rapid fire of cyni-

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cal remarks about the valuable cargo of beer, shoestring potatoes, and empty bottles we were rushing to the Pacific war zone.

It seems that when people in Honolulu mixed their highballs they used to throw away their soda and ginger-ale bottles. There was plenty of "mix" and carbonating equipment in the Islands, but a shortage of bottles. We were rushing them a replenishing supply, with the aid of battle convoy, degaussing machinery, navy gun crew, anti-aircraft batteries, a three-incher back aft, and an enraged crew.

As the military had issued orders forbidding any union meetings to be held on board ship, no formal protests could be drawn up by the three separate unions governing the deck, "black gang," and stewards' departments. Once we were back again in San Francisco, complaints were lodged with the proper authorities, as had been done by the Guadalcanal cabbage crew. Then it was our turn to bounce beer glasses on the Embarcadero bars, and fill the air with colorful language.

The crew doesn't always have a "beef" about the cargo. In peace time the crew doesn't care what the cargo is unless it is a fire hazard or has a pretty bad smell like raw sugar or copra. But in these days the crews are very much interested in winning the war, and soon.

On one trip we loaded almost nothing but combat equipment—jeeps, trucks, crated airplane parts, and the like. When the loading started, the gangplank was at a sharp angle, but as the days went by it flattened out more and more until finally it slanted *down* to the deck of the ship. She was loaded far above the Plimsoll line. But there wasn't a complaint out of anyone. We all knew the stuff was really needed, and if they could load it on, by God, we could take it there. We sailed through the Golden Gate that time with the water only a very few inches from the deck of the ship. A really good blow and the whole thing would have foundered. But the crew's morale was very different from what it had been the day we sailed with several thousand empty bottles under our feet.

The Navy at Its Best

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

DETAILS of the Fifth Battle of the Solomons present a picture of the United States navy at its best. The rout of Japan's invasion force was a defensive masterpiece and one of the most brilliant victories in modern naval history.

Shortly after one o'clock on the morning of November 13 the Japanese fleet approached at full speed from behind Savo Island, steaming in a three-column arrangement which gave the appearance of a circle. It was thoroughly prepared to undertake the bombardment of shore defenses preliminary to landing troops, although previous Japanese aerial attacks had proved ineffectual both in softening up American shore defenses and in inflicting damage on surface warships. Of the three air clashes, one had been with green American fliers, in which the damage done was about equal, a second had resulted in a bad defeat for the Japanese, and a last attempt had been disastrous, only one of more than thirty Zeros and bombers having escaped destruction.

Until the end of the war it is unlikely that anyone will know with certainty the exact strength of the Japanese attacking force. Preliminary scouting reports put it at two battle cruisers of the Kongo class, two heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, and ten destroyers. It was probably larger, for shore observers counted twenty-six silhouettes, and more than two heavy cruisers were referred to in accounts of the battle. Two more heavy cruisers and six destroyers may have been the remaining components. Steaming into close range to oppose this formation came the two heavy cruisers, three light cruisers, and eight destroyers of Admiral Callaghan. Assuming that the ships engaged were the largest of their class available in either navy, the Japanese had a superiority in tonnage of over two and one-half to one and in gun-power of more than four to one. And even this is not a fair comparison, since the heavy armor of the Japanese battle cruisers should have enabled either one to vanquish unaided a force several times as big as the American cruiser and destroyer squadron. In the only two modern sea battles exhibiting the slightest similarity, those of Helgoland Bight and the Falklands in the First World War, the weaker fleet was destroyed in its entirety without loss to the victor. A similar ending could normally have been expected here.

But the conditions of the battle were not normal; they were extraordinary; and the Americans took full advantage of them. In the first place, the Japanese, not expecting attack, had their guns loaded with high-explosive rather than armor-piercing shells. Again, Admiral Callaghan's force appeared so quickly and at such point-blank range that the guns of the battle cruisers could not be depressed enough to make hits around the water line. Thirdly, the unorthodox tactics of the Ameri-

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can commander in leading his ships between two of the enemy lines and very close to one placed the Japanese in the embarrassing position of being unsure of the identity of friend and foe. Some of the Japanese ships found their fire blanketed at intervals by others, and one line was in constant danger of shooting into its own ships. The close-bunched American line in the midst of a greatly more numerous foe could assume that all other ships were unfriendly and suffered no such handicap.

The unexpectedness and incredible boldness of the American maneuver gave it its chance of success. Led by the San Francisco, the American ships swung into quick action and sank a heavy cruiser and a destroyer almost before the Japanese realized they were in a fight; at a range of a little more than a mile the San Francisco scored fourteen eight-inch hits on one of the battle cruisers—well-placed blows which silenced her batteries and left her a crippled hulk for planes to finish. That the Japanese were by no means asleep is shown by the quickness with which they hit back at the leading American ship. Admiral Callaghan and Captain Young were killed on the San Francisco's bridge a minute or two after the opening of the battle. The Americans took terrific punishment—after thirty minutes nine of the thirteen ships in the task force had received a death blow—but the losses of the overwhelmingly superior enemy fleet were much heavier. First the American ships, then the Japanese, withdrew, the latter firing at each other for some time after their enemy had left the scene.

With the coming of daylight our planes finished the job by sinking the crippled enemy ships. Despite their defeat, the Japanese tried doggedly to carry through the rest of their program. On the fourteenth eight of twelve enemy transports were sunk by American planes with tremendous loss of life. That night the escorting force of four battleships, accompanied by other vessels, met a somewhat smaller but powerful American fleet under Admiral Willis Lee and was driven back with the loss of three ships, though the silence of the navy regarding this battle probably indicates heavy American casualties. The remaining four troopships made an appearance on the morning of the fifteenth and were pounced upon by defending air forces.

The engagements of November 11-15 were glorious but not decisive. The Japanese resumed attempts to smuggle small forces into Guadalcanal by night less than ten days later. The American victories were achieved by better scouting and intelligence work, excellent use of air power, and fine coordination between the services. They answer a number of doubts. Callaghan and Young died as all good officers would prefer to die. They now join the naval immortals, and their ship, the San Francisco, takes its place in the company of the Constitution, the Bonhomme Richard, and Nelson's Victory.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Railroads Outflanked

BLITHELY forging ahead toward a goal of the greatest net profits in their history, the railroads have suddenly found themselves threatened by a dangerous pincers movement. On one flank the OPA has attacked with a petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission asking for a cancelation of freight and passenger rate increases granted last spring; on the other, the unions have put in a demand for wage increases which, if granted, would cost the roads more than half this year's net earnings. Unhappily for the railroads, they cannot meet this double menace by playing one opponent against the other. If they tell the unions they would like to oblige but cannot do so owing to the prospect of reduced rates, they will play into the hands of the OPA. But neither can they tell the OPA that they are unable to stand a rate cut in view of labor demands, for that would weaken their hands in the wage negotiations.

The railroads might find more public sympathy for their plight if they had not, in their eagerness to grasp all the profit that war-time traffic could bear, blindly maneuvered themselves into an indefensible position. A year ago, after agreeing to pay increased wages amounting to $312,000,000, the railroad companies asked for increases in rates that would more than cover this sum. In putting forward their plea, they based their estimates of the additional revenue required on 1941 traffics, ignoring the obvious fact that 1942 would see an enormous increase in the movement of both passengers and freight. Writing on this page on February 21, I pointed to some of the indications of swelling railroad business and commented: "Provided that the ICC complies with the railroads' request for higher freight rates and thus takes care of their increased wage and other costs, profits will surely make another leap forward."

Despite OPA protests the ICC did in fact give the railroads nearly all they asked for by allowing a 10 per cent increase in passenger fares and an average increase of about 6 per cent in freight rates. The financial results for the year now closing show how little the additional revenue was needed to keep the roads in the black. Although tax accruals have doubled, 1942 net profits are estimated at around $900,000,000 compared with $500,000,000 in 1941, and with a further increase of 15 per cent in traffics expected next year, there would seem to be room for concessions either to the customers or to the workers or both.

In the answer they have filed replying to the OPA petition, the railroads, unable to plead poverty, attempt

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to confuse the issues with statistical double-talk. They say that wage increases have cost them $397,000,000 during 1942, while other operating expenses have risen by $110,000,000. Against these added charges the increase in rates would have produced only $357,000,000 had they been in effect for the full year. Moreover, they claim that they have made voluntary rate reductions on petroleum moving to the East Coast and in fares for members of the armed services traveling on furlough which together total $228,000,000.

This reply seems impressive until it is remembered that, although total operating expenses have risen, gross operating revenues have risen still more sharply thanks to an estimated increase in freight traffic of about 32 per cent and in passenger mileage of 75 per cent. The exigencies of war are making it possible to operate the railroads at somewhere near capacity, while the rates charged for their services are designed to permit profits when operations are well below capacity. In mass transportation as in mass production the fuller the use of the plant the lower the burden of overhead charges, and for the railroads, with so much of their capital in the form of bonded debt, overhead charges account for an exceptionally high proportion of total expenses.

The OPA in its petition to the ICC stressed the inflationary effect of high transport rates. Defenders of the railroads, on the other hand, urge that lower passenger rates will induce more travel, which is just what the Office of Defense Transport is seeking to discourage owing to the existing congestion. It seems unlikely that much of the present record passenger traffic can be ascribed to traveling purely for pleasure; nor is it probable that a 10 per cent cut in fares would increase it. The discomfort of journeys by rail under present circumstances is enough to discourage pleasure seekers. Most of the additional passengers are undoubtedly either service men or war workers, enormous numbers of whom must now commute to and from their jobs. Railroad fares are an item in their cost of living which cannot be dismissed as trifling. But a reduction in freight rates is of even greater importance. Many retail prices which are threatening to burst through their ceilings might be held in line if transport charges were trimmed.

Reluctant as they are to discuss the connection of rates with inflation, the railroads are quite ready to urge its dangers as a means of repelling attack by the unions. In order to stress this point they are proposing that wage demands should be submitted to the War Labor Board, which would be more likely to consider the effects on the whole labor picture of an increase in rail wages than would a special labor tribunal. However disingenuous, this proposal is not without merit, especially since the railwaymen's demands—a 30 per cent increase in the case of the operating unions—would, if granted, prove a very disturbing influence on wage stabilization.

In the Wind

FINANCIAL CANDOR: "The politically important fact, the one which can be sold to the people to prove that there is no profiteering by corporations, is that excess profits are taxed at 90 per cent. The details by which that figure is reduced to 80 per cent net, and then again is cut to 71 per cent by the post-war credit, are too technical to be useful in politics." From *Barron's*, the business weekly, December 14.

FROM THE LONDON *TIMES:* "There is a school for jungle warfare in India where the only textbook used is a thin volume of Kipling's poems. An instructor at the school maintains that Kipling has the complete answer to almost every problem likely to be encountered during jungle operations."

THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE of a large American automobile concern recently came to this country from a Scandinavian city where he has been staying during the war. He claims to represent German industrial leaders and is avowedly seeking to explore the possibilities of a negotiated peace.

AN INDICATION of what the war is doing to higher education is seen in a recent newspaper dispatch from Troy, New York. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, an engineering school, is admitting women for the first time. Russell Sage College, a liberal-arts school whose enrolment has dropped because many women are choosing a technical college, is admitting men for the first time.

THE DENVER *POST* is urging that America's Japanese population be eliminated by putting men and women in separate internment camps and keeping them there after the war.

THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION wants writers who submit manuscripts to it not to use phrases like "yellow people" in describing the Japanese. "This country," it says, "is not fighting this war on a race basis, and too many of our allies are also yellow for us to use that phrase."

AND KEEP YOUR REPORTER DRY: The Albany *Times-Union* reported on November 27 that "Henry J. Binderin, author of the startling book of non-fiction 'The Riddle of the Reich' " would join a panel of speakers discussing "Dr. Margaret Mead's new novel 'And Keep Your Powder Dry.' " The speaker's name was Robert Bendiner; he is the author of "The Riddle of the State Department"; and the book under discussion was no novel at all but an anthropological estimate of the American character in war time. Its author was actually Margaret Mead, as reported.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

BRITISH HUMORS AND AMERICAN HUMOR

BY IRWIN EDMAN

HUMOR, though it has not pervaded the works of philosophers, has haunted their consciences. They had not rested because they have not been able to define the secret of its mad and maddening logic, its absurd good sense, its ridiculous truthfulness. An anthology of humor, since it is an index to what a nation likes, is an index also to what it assumes as rational and what it defines as folly. It is an epitome of a culture—not a summary of it in formulas, but a synthesis of it in forms of feeling and its molds of judgment.

A joke is a joke, and Mr. Morris Bishop, the editor of this latest anthology of the risible, "A Treasury of British Humor" (Coward-McCann, $3), assures us that a joke is identical in ancient Athens, medieval Padua, modern Manchester, England, and Buena Vista, Florida.

Mr. Bishop's own collection belies, I think, his theory of the universality of humor and, taken side by side with the E. B. and Katharine White "*Sub*treasury of American Humor"—how colonial we remain!—produces a residual difference in mood and tone. These jokes are far from demonstrating that the British do not have a sense of humor or that the American one is better or worse. They do not even show that the British and the American humor are radically different. Mr. Bishop is quite right in suggesting that the familiar assertions concerning the "understatement" of British humor and the "overstatement" of American humor are too easily refuted. Falstaff and Mr. Pickwick hardly qualify as perfect examples of reticence. And on the other hand nothing could be quieter than the humor of E. B. White.

Nevertheless, I do not see how anyone could go through Mr. Bishop's Treasury or the Whites' Subtreasury without being made aware that he was in two different worlds, in two differently delightful realms of discourse. Mr. Bishop's anthology is an excellent one, in so far as British humor can be anthologized at all. For, as Mr. Bishop points out in the case of Thackeray, much of the effect of British humor is cumulative. It is not humor so much as humors; it is not a succession of jokes so much as the creation of a mood. The amusements are ripples on the stream of the discourse. Often British humor is not so much hilarious as literally eccentric and marked by an "odd pathos." It hovers, more, I think, than American humor, on the edge of fantasy; there is no "Wind in the Willows" in American humor or, to take a more final illustration, "Midsummer Night's Dream." There is more leisure and more quietude. It is precisely this fact that may make many find Mr. Bishop's selections duller on the whole than those in the American anthology. There is, at least in the nineteenth century, more respectability; even the nonsense is decorous; there is a touch of gentility to the madness of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear; the Mad Hatter is found at a tea-party, and the guest is a well-bred little girl.

Compare the two volumes, and the causes of laughter, the kinds of laughter, like the cadences of the prose and verse included, seem different. There is no British Mark Twain, though Mr. Bishop insists in his Introduction that Mark Twain's Americanism is purely accidental. He is apparently quite certain that if Mark Twain had been born an Englishman, he would have written a picaresque humorous book of a journey through English hedgerows and copses and wealds and dales. The book might have been called, he suggests, "Whortleberry Finn." Perhaps. But the humor that would have emerged along the Wye and the Thames would not have been the laughter of the Mississippi. "Whortleberry Finn" would have been so different from Huckleberry Finn in mood and temper that it were sheerly academic to call it the same kind. Laurence Sterne does not resemble Mark Twain very closely. "Pickwick," a little closer, is quite another picaresque story.

One of the principles by which Mr. Bishop made his anthology has a depressant effect upon at least one reader. Mr. Bishop deliberately leaves out many well-known show pieces: "Alice in Wonderland," "Dogberry and the Watch," the opening pages of "Pickwick." There are some things he could "not bear to leave out." Falstaff is, luckily, one of them. The editor has the "less known [of any author] in preference to the well known."

Every selection, he says, must have made him laugh, chuckle, or smile broadly. Tastes, to hazard a truism, differ, and though I have a quietly fanatical devotion to British humor, I did not find, I do not think many readers will find, themselves even smiling narrowly at some of the pieces included. Many of these passages are the humor of context, and, the context lost, so is much of the humor. Angela Thirkell's pleasantly inane Barsetshire cannot be cut up into thin slices without losing flavor. Evelyn Waugh needs a little room for his crazy-sane scope. T. H. White requires a running start for his nonsense medievalism.

The same thing holds true, I think, for the selections from earlier periods. The pieces of works remind the reader that those passages he recalls were much funnier (and I think they were) in their surroundings. Byron is witty enough in the passages given, but somehow less so than one remembered. Passages that one has not known before one is willing to take on trust. Probably when run across in their proper place, they would seem much better. Even the famous cracks of Sydney Smith fall a little flatter than they should; though the remark about Macaulay's "flashes of silence" is good even in isolation.

The light verse is always beautifully turned, but it, too, seems fainter and more vanilla-flavored than one had recalled. And since no critic of an anthology can forbear to ask questions, Why is no Dobson here?

I turned back from this treasury of British humor to the White "Subtreasury of American Humor." Even upon rereading, it somehow seems funnier, gayer, wittier. Perhaps

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all that that means is that American humor breaks up into edible small pieces more easily. Perhaps English humor, like English cigarettes or Scotch whiskey, does taste better in England. Perhaps British humor exhibits more of the stratification of the stratified society from which, up to the present, it has grown. Many of the treasures of British humor are in this treasury, but the gold of its poetry, the diamond of its wit do not seem quite to be there. Perhaps it is because Mr. Bishop has only been able to give us token payments.

As well make a compendium of the mists that play over the near distance of British landscapes as try to isolate in a book the play of fancy, the dash of sharp insight, the moods pert and poetic that have, century after century, played over English life. Yet the book is good. As the old English charwoman said of the bombing of Canterbury which she had come through alive: "It warn't 'alf bad; sort of takes your mind off the war."

English life (and literature) has thousands of little marginal observations on existence not unlike that. Somehow missing from this volume is the ripple of poised amusement that, in all classes, privileged and underprivileged, has enabled the British to smile, sometimes annoyingly to foreigners, out of a deeply felt and rooted tradition. They could laugh at those ridiculous bounders, Hitler and Goebbels, even during the blitz. And the laughter doubtless helped them to endure and survive it.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Caldwell Comes a Cropper

ERSKINE CALDWELL is one of our most talented writers of fiction. He came up as a "natural" storyteller, who wrote with a seemingly instinctive, strict, and essentially poetic economy of expression wonderfully suited to his material—which he obviously knew to the point of saturation. "Tobacco Road" was a tall tale blankly told; its humor and its subject matter were deeply indigenous; it was very well turned. It was limited, however, as art in the broad sense. Its characters border so closely on the subhuman that the reader's sense of identity with them is almost as irrelevant as one's rather rueful sense of identity with apes in a zoo; and this limitation goes back in the end to the circumstance, not that the people who live in Tobacco Road actually *are* subhuman, but that Mr. Caldwell refused, in that book, to grant them full human status, refused to allow himself to become emotionally involved in their situation. He "laughed it off" instead; for that reason the humor is sinister and the laughter it arouses is not that of release but of self-defense.

"Trouble in July," published in 1940, showed great gain in maturity of feeling. It was reflected, first of all, in his choice of a theme—the story was one that has the status and significance of a folk tale in the poor South, that of the alleged rape of a white girl by a colored boy, the hunt for the accused and the terrorizing of the colored community, and finally the lynching. But the real measure of Mr. Caldwell's maturity was revealed in his attitude toward his characters. Most of the people in "Trouble in July" are, objectively speaking, scarcely higher in the social and human scale than those in "Tobacco Road." There are scenes of sex obsession quite as gruesome; and the humor is just as unsparing. Yet we are never allowed to lose the sense of these sorry individuals as fellow human beings in whose predicament, however sordid, we are therefore involved. Because the feeling is concentrated and sure, the piece is, with minor exceptions, neither overwritten nor understated; its implications, human, social, and political, are given what seems to be their proper place and their proper emphasis; and the created atmosphere is so convincing that one closes the book with the feeling that if this is not the poor South, the poor South does not exist.

In 1940, then, one reader at least felt that Mr. Caldwell was on the way to becoming an important novelist, who knew what he was doing. Since then he has turned journalist and world traveler; he has been caught up, for understandable reasons, in the currents of a world at war. His new novel, "All Night Long" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.50), is a story of guerrilla warfare behind the German lines in Soviet Russia; and it is, I regret to say, one of the worst novels I have ever read. One may assume that Mr. Caldwell has never been behind the German lines in Soviet Russia and that his book is based on reports of what goes on there. The fact that he was dealing with unfamiliar material might be cited as the reason for the utter unreality of "All Night Long" as a picture not so much of Russian life as of any life whatever. It does not explain the failure of artistic intelligence which led Mr. Caldwell to believe that he could write, on the basis of a few months' observation, a convincing novel about Soviet Russia, let alone a novel about guerrilla warfare based on second-hand reports. It does not explain the far more shocking failure in taste and feeling that has led him to write a book which is not only a travesty of his own earlier work but which makes a travesty of the Russian struggle as well. (I understand that it has already been sold to the movies, and certainly it is as synthetic, as maudlin, and as sensational as Hollywood could wish, though I'm sure the naked Russian women in the last scene—in which they are rescued from a German brothel—will be "draped" by the Hays office, probably in picturesque Russian shawls.)

I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of Mr. Caldwell's sympathy with the Russian people in their determination to drive the invaders out and, in the process, to kill as many *Nemetskis* as possible; but his feeling appears here only in the diluted form of sentimentality, and the ironic fact is that he has concocted a novel which might have been turned out by any one of a half-dozen "slick" writers bent only on exploiting the atrocities of war, particularly rape.

One might write off "All Night Long" as another proof that art and war don't mix very well, but even the Second World War seems hardly enough to explain the steep decline, on every count, from "Trouble in July." One can't help suspecting that, quite aside from the war, Mr. Caldwell has been seduced, perhaps unwittingly and certainly to an unnecessary degree, by the "outer world of telegrams and anger"—of journalistic "action," global scoops, and easy emotional excitement. Whatever the explanation, he has completely lost his bearings as an artist and has landed in a dismal swamp of crude propaganda, fake realism—and Hollywood contracts.

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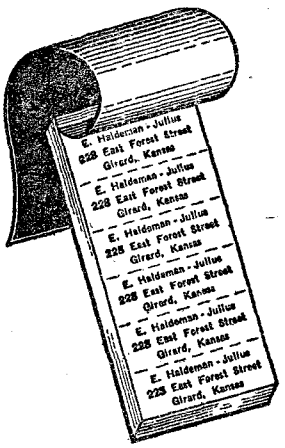

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A PRESS RELEASE from the Friends of Democracy reports the following conversation between one of its representatives and the New York office of Paramount Pictures, which is now in the throes (see last week's *Nation* for a full account) of producing the film version of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" without offending Franco:

> Question: Is it true that the political implications in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" will be eliminated?
>
> Answer: We think the political implications should not be emphasized. The picture is entirely neutral. After all, this picture must be made so that it will be valuable not only today but in years to come.
>
> Question: You feel that there might not be opposition in America to fascism in the years to come?
>
> Answer: Oh no, but it isn't necessary to bring in the political implications to make a good love story.

This is the first time we had heard that Hollywood's motive in eliminating political issues is to produce films for the "years to come"—though we have long been painfully aware that its love stories are designed for the ages—from six to twelve.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Legacy of Kant

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS. By John Dewey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

PROFESSOR DEWEY'S book is mainly a reprint of a set of lectures which he first delivered and published in 1915. To bring it up to date he has added to the original text a comparatively short introductory chapter in which he tries to display the continuity in the ruling principles of the Second and the Third Reich. His general purpose is to account for Germany's political behavior in terms of German academic philosophy. This is a theme that has recently been somewhat overlabored; it has a temptingly close relation to the question of German war guilt. But Professor Dewey's approach to it is not that of a propagandist. Admittedly, his own convictions do not make him sympathetic to the ideas he discusses, but his examination of them is intended to be, and is, a serious contribution to the philosophy of history.

The premise from which Professor Dewey starts is that "the chief mark of distinctively German civilization is the combination of self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency and organization in the varied fields of action"; and he argues that the roots of this dualism are to be found in the philosophy of Kant. By confining the operation of speculative reason within the limits of possible sense experience, and by making the systematization of phenomena a necessary condition of our experiencing them, Kant gave philosophical sanction to the development of natural science: at the same time his view that the limitations to which the understanding was necessarily subject could be transcended in moral experience, and his conception of freedom as obedience to the self-imposed moral law, opened a new field for the extravagances of individual and collective mysticism. Such a development of his moral philosophy was not foreseen, nor would it have been welcomed by Kant himself. His aim, as he himself described it, was to limit reason in the interest of religious faith; certainly not to clear a path either for the self-intoxicated subjectivism of the romantic movement or for the deification of the Prussian state. Neither does this mean that he was blind to the logical implications of his own views. He is not the logical ancestor of the nineteenth-century German idealists in the sense in which Locke is the logical ancestor of Berkeley and Hume and Mill. Nevertheless, they are his progeny; and if they perverted his views, the perversion was made easy for them by the fact that his own moral philosophy is curiously inchoate. In particular, it gives no criteria for conduct beyond the exaltation of the sense of duty and the purely negative prescription that one should not act on principles that cannot consistently be universalized.

It remained accordingly for Fichte and Hegel to give substance to Kant's deontological shadow, and for this they elaborated between them a set of doctrines which have found their most pernicious realization in Hitler's National Socialism: the doctrines of the primacy of will over reason, of the preeminence of the German spirit, and of the divinity of the state. Professor Dewey illustrates this development with well-chosen quotations, culminating in Hegel's terrifying pronouncements that "the Germans were predestined to be the bearers of the Christian principle and to carry out the idea as the absolutely rational end" and that the state, and specifically the Prussian state, "is the absolute reality, and the individual himself has objective existence, truth, and morality only in his capacity as a member of it."

Since Professor Dewey makes a special point of placing ideas among historical causes, I assume his view to be that German political practice has been to some extent directly inspired by the work of the philosophers that he analyzes, and not, as some would hold, that the philosophizing was merely an articulation of an independent historical process. In this I think he is right, though I do not see any means of determining precisely the amount of influence that the philosophers exercised. This is not, indeed, to assume that the rulers of the Third, or even of the Second Reich, made a conscious study of Kant or Fichte or Hegel in framing their policies. All that is required is that the philosophers should have contributed largely to a common stock of ideas and opinions on which the politicians consciously and unconsciously drew; and this I conceive to have been the case. A point which is, however, ignored by most writers on this subject, including Professor Dewey, is that this common stock also contains elements from non-German sources. The most obvious example is Rousseau, who has the distinction of having helped to inspire both the French Revolution and its historical contrary, the early nineteenth-century German renaissance. That there is an affinity between Rousseau and Kant has, indeed, often been remarked. The source of it is to be found largely in their common Protestantism; and it is as an offshoot of Protestantism that the romantic movement, of which German nationalism is partially an expression, can most lucidly be interpreted. The conception of a chosen people, for example, is in itself pre-Christian, but its striking resurgence in the nineteenth century can, I think, legitimately be traced to the Calvinist doctrine of predestination. The fact that he ignores such questions exposes Professor Dewey to the charge of over-simplification; but it must be remembered that his book is designedly limited in its scope.

A. J. AYER

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TORPEDO JUNCTION: WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET FROM PEARL HARBOR TO MIDWAY. By Robert J. Casey. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE FLYING GUNS. By Lieutenant Clarence E. Dickinson, U. S. N. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE war in the Pacific is peculiarly America's war—it is under American command, with such help as Australia and New Zealand can give, and it is essentially a naval war—but despite this unity of subject matter no single book gives the reader an adequate over-all picture of the campaign against Japan. The several pieces of the jigsaw puzzle are now being made available in the form of first-person accounts by correspondents and participants. If Correspondent Casey and Pilot Dickinson are read in conjunction with Correspondent Johnston ("Queen of the Flat-Tops"), the broad outlines of the United States navy's strategy in the first six months, the "offensive-defense" phase, of the Pacific war become clear. And their accounts contain enough minute-by-minute detail of individual actions to give the "feel" of this unprecedented warfare. But the burden of correlating the material falls upon the reader.

This is largely the fault of censorship. Johnston was not allowed to name the "other carrier" in the Coral Sea with the Lexington, although the navy identified it as the Yorktown while his book was in manufacture. Dickinson is not allowed to name the carrier from which he flew, although the last published edition of the Navy Directory shows that his squadron was attached to the Enterprise, and the enemy undoubtedly has better evidence than I have to show that this is the ship whose operations he describes. Casey is not allowed to name the cruiser on which he spent almost seven months, although plenty of Japanese saw her; he is allowed to give enough details of her armament and other characteristics to prove that it must have been either the Pensacola or the Salt Lake City. Dickinson, who writes with the aid of Boyden Sparkes, gives an excellent description of the attack at Pearl Harbor upon an old battleship, of 29,000 tons, 580 feet overall. The navy wouldn't let him name her, but has since admitted—as was obvious—that it was the Nevada. The navy has the right to suppress the identification of ships for reasons of security. But it is simply asinine to suppress the names and then authorize publication of all the details which will make identification possible, especially when it is remembered that the enemy's naval intelligence can draw these obvious inferences from published data far more readily than the average American reader. The present procedure simply gives information to the enemy and withholds it from the people of the United States.

Casey's book resembles that of another foreign correspondent, recently published, in that it is too long, devotes too much attention to the weather and the author's health, and contains much criticism of the censorship. But fortunately, Casey is not waspish, he is far too experienced to have delusions of grandeur, and everything he says about the censors is interesting and constructive. There was the former press agent at Pearl Harbor who would not listen to a comparison with British censorship, because "you're in the United States, and we'll do this job the American way." God save America, if the American way is to make believe that the Japanese do not know that they hold Wake Island or what installations they have there; to treat the Army Signal Corps as the espionage agent of a foreign government; to suggest that an army photographer may attend a naval ceremony provided he leaves his camera behind—and so on. It is remarkable that after contending with such stupidity Casey retained his sense of humor and his faculty of observation sufficiently unimpaired to be able to write coherently, and in his unmistakable style, about the Marshall and Gilbert Islands raids, Wake and Marcus, the cruise to nowhere which miraculously resulted in the bombing of Tokyo, and the Battle of Midway. The censorship spoils his story about the bombing of Tokyo, but he deftly outwits the censors. Casey mars his otherwise excellent account of Midway with minor inaccuracies—it was not the first engagement between carrier fleets out of sight of each other—but he makes a strong case for listing Midway as one of the greatest and most decisive sea battles in history, with Trafalgar, Tsushima, and Jutland.

Dickinson flew over Oahu a few minutes after the Japanese. He was shot down, and saw at close range both the fifth column and its handiwork. He saw a nerve-racked American gunner shoot at his own superior officer, and later turn a withering barrage on a morning star. Then he flew for vengeance. He took it against a Japanese submarine, but the almost certain sinking is listed only as probable. He took further vengeance against enemy buildings on Roi Island and an aircraft tender at Kwajalein in the Marshalls. He helped to exact partial vengeance for Major Devereux's marines on Wake Island. He gave the coup de grâce to the aircraft carrier Kaga off Midway, and was forced to land in the ocean when he ran out of gas, as were many other American fliers that day. Dickinson was one who was saved to fight another day, and to supply this highly readable account of the history he made.

GILBERT CANT

Literature of America South

THE EPIC OF LATIN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Arturo Torres-Rioseco. Oxford University Press. $3.

LATIN AMERICAN literature begins with great histories. Hard-handed, often uncultivated, soldiers manage somehow to rise to the events they report in their chronicles and contribute as well to the beginnings of modern geography, natural history, and anthropology. But though the New World may properly claim a share in their creations, these men are Portuguese and Spaniards. Their immediate successors, too, are scarcely less European for the accident of American birth. Yet despite Spain's adoption, for example, of Ruiz de Alarcón, the most exquisite comic author of his day, one can already discern in his work the effects of a Mexican upbringing. At a later period the influence of French thinkers helps mold the revolutionary temper and marks the beginning of a trend away from Peninsular models. But such authentically American masterpieces as Sarmiento's "Facundo" notwithstanding, these models remain European. Not until late in the last century does the cosmopolitan genius of Rubén Darío emerge from Nica-

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ragua, the unlikeliest of places, to win for American letters the tribute of imitation by Europeans. These letters since his day, in the field of the novel especially, serenely specialize in the native scene and confidently but without blatancy invite consideration on their own merits.

The story is absorbing. The fact that, *mutatis mutandis,* it parallels in broad outline the evolution of literature in the United States adds a peculiar incentive to American readers. Refusal to yield to the temptation to be encyclopedic permits longer discussion of outstanding writers, while progressively fuller treatment of more recent and original periods gives the work a momentum and readability most unusual in histories of literature. Its title, "The Epic of Latin American Literature," which at first glance appears somewhat pretentious, thus surprisingly acquires real appropriateness. It is gratifying that Professor Torres-Rioseco, one of the most eminent critics in his field, is so auspiciously introduced to English-speaking Americans.

A part of this public will disagree with occasional judgments. Professor Torres-Rioseco is among those who see in Rómulo Gallegos's "Doña Bárbara" not merely a competent piece of fiction but a landmark. To others, as to the writer, it may seem diffuse and melodramatic. One may find something unaccountable, too, in the reputation of Benito Lynch. The Argentine novelist is an acute observer and gifted storyteller, but I find him too sentimentally susceptible to the charms of the child-woman heroines he draws so well and so often. It is the outstanding merit of Professor Torres-Rioseco's book, however, that readers will look forward to judging for themselves. They will also find bibliographies that facilitate their exploration. EDWIN S. MORBY

At It Again

THE BEST POEMS OF 1941. Edited by Thomas Moult. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE, 1938-1942. Edited by Alan F. Pater. The Paebar Company. $10.

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Tom Boggs. The Press of James A. Decker. $2.

THOMAS MOULT has been assembling "the year's best" for twenty years now, and—for the twentieth time?—he reminds readers that "the word 'best' is used only in the sense that the poems included are his own artistic preferences." Well, there are ways and ways of making a name, and perhaps an annual emasculation of the word "best" is not the worst. But in the ideal state editors would be told to say what they mean, even if it came to "My Favorite Lyrics" or "Preferences, 1941." Certainly Moult's latest preferences make it more than usually clear that he is as fallible as anyone else: he usually avoids the utterly bad, but now we get a stiff dose of it. Anxiety to show that England can still give off "war poetry" in the accepted, or corrupt, sense of the term is the only reason I can see for including a four-page outburst by Herbert Palmer which is probably the worst poem of this or any war, and an effort which diverted Lord Vansittart from making the nation's laws just long enough to delight us that he does not make its songs—a communiqué in which the moon tells the earth, *inter alia,* that she would "sooner have no Man at all/than Huns who rape and rave and rack." War always casts up such miserable stuff, but to see it among "artistic preferences" raises the question whether Moult is not also using the word "artistic" in a strictly limited sense. Apart from these and similar lapses, his taste remains engagingly catholic. Although the younger English poets are not abundantly represented, Laurie Lee and Clifford Dyment voice fresh feelings about the war, strictly and purely expressed; and a Spender, The War God, finely furnishes that keenest pleasure of yearbooks, the sudden blaze of talent against the fuzz of competence. There are oddities, too, that a selector of stricter taste might spurn: among them Lord Derwent's Which Music? pleases by its accomplished dilettantism, modestly there among the strained solemnities. But on the whole this anthology—seventy-six poems, sixty-nine poets—confirms the impression made by its predecessors, that Moult roams the Anglo-American poetic fields chiefly to reassure us that through it all the Blunden still bumble, the Frosts still freeze, and the de la Mares still weave flowers in their hair.

A modest aim, and unavowed. Mr. Pater's is neither. His preface to this colossal collection, his second—376 poets, so there must be around 500 poems—reads like a wild parody of the newer utterances of Van Wyck Brooks. The familiar wails about obscurity, neuroticism, violence, cynicism, etc., lead up to the apocalyptic statement that we need poets who can "transcend Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, and Goethe." How? By "living more nobly than Shakespeare," by practicing the "ideal love that Goethe lacked." Then a burst into verse: "Write, when glows your ecstasy; Art, like God, shoulde perfect be!" Thus warned, we slip easily through a chatty meaningless introduction by John Holmes to find, of

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course, that the poetry is a ton of safety to an ounce of daring. Examples: Stevens 1, Hillyer 4; Yeats 1, Coffin 8; and among the Moores, Virginia 3, Rosalie 2, Nicholas 1, Marianne 0. But sandwiched between the favored writers, who must live very beautifully indeed, are names and sources surprising in the circumstances: Auden, Rukeyser, both Williamses; and the *New Masses* jostles the *New Yorker*. It is all very bewildering for your money, but at least part of it would be well spent on the best thing in the book, a "List of Magazines Publishing Poetry" which omits at least five ranking media but includes *Religious Telescope, Ideal Love, Our Dumb Animals,* and *Skating*.

The Pater dwarfs the Moult, but both commit the cardinal sin of anthologists, spreading the net too wide. There has to be some unifying factor: an honest bad taste is better than none. I think Tom Boggs's taste good, and surely anyone will admit that it exists. This, his third selection, ranges over the last twenty years' work in America to find sixty-seven poems not previously appearing in an anthology, by twenty-eight poets, and thus redeems names like Cummings, Bishop, and Winters from the oblivion Pater seems to intend for them. Most of Boggs's choices are well worth including; a welcome number of names are relatively unfamiliar; and in theme, technique, and attitude the poems stand solidly for the vigorous independence that blew through our between-wars poetry like a fresh wind and is found even now, despite the new conformism, in several crannies of the ramparts we watch.

FRANK JONES

John Rice of Black Mountain

I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By John Andrew Rice. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IF JOHN ANDREW RICE had to be born again, he would choose for his birthplace his native state and for his century the eighteenth. To this century he believes, rightly or wrongly, belonged all the things that made visits to his grandmother the happiest part of childhood: long, clockless days, homespun furnishings, violence touched with grace, simple faith in simple words, and faith in man, to mention only a few. Again he would wish a man of God for father, and not to be born a gentleman. The last requisite is significant, for more than half the autobiography is concerned with his internal battle against class consciousness. The rest relates his battle against educational authority.

Uneasiness about his social status had nothing to do with one grandmother's habit of smoking a pipe and little connection with the poverty that forced his aunts on the other side to work in the cotton fields. Both families were planters, and in South Carolina being "well-born" meant being born on a plantation. His sense of inferiority sprang chiefly from an inheritance of Methodism, inescapable since his father was a preacher. Not until he had been abroad as a Rhodes scholar does he seem to have gained enough perspective to feel at home in America.

His father was a violent Puritan. Whenever he preached he worked himself into such a lather that his clothes had to be changed before dinner. He was singularly inept with his hands, not so much because he lived in a world of ideas as because he regarded everything as potentially hostile. His car refused to run from malice and must be shaken and kicked into submission. Honorable, and at the same time ambitious, he was continually enraged by the advancement of ecclesiastical scoundrels, and at meal time dissected them so dextrously that his children themselves became expert. "I listened with delight, not knowing that some day I should be plagued with my then acquired skill in detecting another's weaknesses, nor that, when it comes to people, clarity unwed to charity can be an evil thing."

The portraits of the men under whom Mr. Rice taught the classics at Nebraska and Rollins College have amazing clarity. Perhaps they are charitable; we do not know what is left unsaid, and there is restraint, at least in the account of his journey through the valley of humiliation at the foot of Black Mountain.

The judges of the Harper Award have done well to indicate the literary value of this desperately honest attempt at self-analysis. A gift of perception, so acute that it notices whether the whole face tells the same story as the eyes, is joined to a gift for words. One can well believe that oratory was a perfected art in the South. It is here again, vigorous, persuasive, and epigrammatic.

HARRIET SAMPSON

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL WINKLER is a French journalist and publisher now in this country. He has been working on a book called "The Thousand-Year Conspiracy," to be published by Scribner's.

KURT R. GROSSMANN, at one time secretary general of the League of Human Rights, is coauthor of a forthcoming book dealing with refugees.

HOWARD CLARKE, born on Mindanao in the Philippines and educated at Dartmouth, was in defense work before Pearl Harbor. Later he worked for the Army Engineer Corps, but finding a desk job distasteful in war time he enlisted in the merchant marine.

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JAMES AGEE is coauthor with Walker Evans of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." He will contribute a monthly article on films to *The Nation.*

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FILMS

I WOULD like so to use this column about moving pictures as to honor and discriminate the subject through interesting and serving you who are reading it. Whether I am qualified to do this is an open question to which I can give none of the answers. But I can begin by describing my condition as a would-be critic.

I suspect that I am, far more than not, in your own situation: deeply interested in moving pictures, considerably experienced from childhood on in watching them and thinking and talking about them, and totally, or almost totally, without experience or even much second-hand knowledge of how they are made. If I am broadly right in this assumption, we start on the same ground, and under the same handicaps, and I qualify to be here, if at all, only by two means. It is my business to conduct one end of a conversation, as an amateur critic among amateur critics. And I will be of use and of interest only in so far as my amateur judgment is sound, stimulating, or illuminating.

That my own judgment, and yours, is that of an amateur, is only in part a handicap. It is also a definition. It can even be an advantage, of a sort, in so far as a professional's preoccupation with technique, with the box-office, with bad traditions, or simply with work, can blur, or alter the angle of, his own judgment. I would talk to even so good a director as John Ford, for instance, with deep respect for him as a technician and as a serious man, but I might at the same time regret ninety-nine feet in every hundred of "The Grapes of Wrath," and be able to specify my regret; and it would be a question entirely of the maturity of my judgment, and not in the least of my professional or amateur standing, whether I were right or wrong. If I were a professional, on the other hand, my realization of the complexity of making any film would be so much clarified that I would be much warier than most critics can be in assigning either credit or blame. Indeed, if you could follow out all the causes of that sort of high-serious failure, you would be involved as much in the analysis of an industry, a form of government, and the temper of a civilization, as in the analysis of a film.

As an amateur, then, I must as well as I can simultaneously recognize my own ignorance and feel no apology for what my eyes tell me as I watch any given screen, where the proof is caught irrelevant to excuse, and available in proportion to the eye which sees it, and the mind which uses it.

If only I had seen enough of the candidates I would like, now, to make some of the customary seasonal comments on the ten best films of the year. Not having seen even "Mrs. Miniver," I have nothing to say, beyond mentioning that one look at the "Miniver" stills was enough to keep me away.

The best picture I saw this year was "The Gold Rush." Next to that were various non-fiction shots of war. Next to them was "In Which We Serve," which sets its limits so discreetly and fills them so nearly perfectly, and thus so likably, that my qualifying remarks must seem ungrateful.

They are that a blend, no matter how successful, of high-mediocre cinematic realism with Noel Coward's unexcelled particular kind of theatrical skill and tact cannot achieve anything first-rate but only one of the few next-best things, and that good as it is, it is a hollow filled with persuasive shadows and echoes where full excellence is solid, if transfigured, flesh and blood. I think the chief lack and the outstanding talent of such a man as Coward have the same root: a peculiarly sentimental kind of sensitiveness which is common to many witty, sad, able, and fastidious men. Their feeling for phenomena, whether human or inanimate, is at the same time sensuously sharp, shy, and critical, without either great energy or vulgarity or depth; so that when they are confronted with simple people, toward whom they feel remote and tender, or with a powerful and simple subject, they are at an essential loss, against which, on a secondary level, they have excellently equipped themselves.

In that sense of loss they retreat to two forts: that of "kitsch," used gently and with the severe withdrawal of irony of which ironists are best capable; and that of the taste, the devices, the exquisite sense of detail, the regard for form, by which they rectify and perfect the kitsch, refine their essential sentimentality, and set up defenses against any attack on it. This reverent and just evaluation of kitsch takes the place of that depth of heart and mind from which a first-rate artist works; and taste, tricks, detail, a dancer's delight in form, are the deft and of themselves respectable substitutes for a first-rate artist's perfecting of his perception. The result is that it is almost too elegantly geared for almost too many "effects." It has been so subtly used by the fingertips, rather than born out of the whole of the body, that discriminating watchers, in turn, are liable to find it merely touching, and pleasing to touch, whereas the undiscriminating watcher, taking this delicate imitation of power for power itself, is subtly hornswoggled.

I rather regret having used this space so generally, and would like at least to say that Coward himself is exceedingly good in the film, that Bernard Miles, whose chief petty officer looks like a Gothic angel, is even better, and that Coward's farewell to his crew is a really remarkable and moving tour de force. I would like also to recommend "Random Harvest" to those who can stay interested in Ronald Colman's amnesia for two hours and who could with pleasure eat a bowl of Yardley's shaving soap for breakfast, and "Life Begins at 8:30" to those who can still be tickled by Monty Wooley's beard and Nunnally Johnson's lines (both good things in moderation), at the end of what seems hours. I also urge that "Ravaged Earth," which is made up of Japanese atrocities, be withdrawn until, if ever, careful enough minds, if any, shall have determined whether or not there is any morally responsible means of turning it loose on the public.

JAMES AGEE

ART

JOSEPH CORNELL AND LAURENCE VAIL: Objects and Bottles. At the Art of This Century Museum, until December 31.

Any free-standing object can be a work of art in its own right and for its own sake. Surrealism continues what Dada was the first to teach by actual examples. Dada stemmed, no matter how deviously, from art for art's sake, which asserted that works of art are self-sufficient and not required inevitably to be either mirrors of reality or decoration. In Vail's bottles and even in Cornell's objects surrealism encourages a tendency it often opposes—the abstract. The bottles do not owe their beauty to the things represented on the scraps of pictures Vail cuts out of magazines and pastes around the glass, but rather to the way the bottle shape is married to the color and design of the collage. One of Vail's best bottles is a Rhine shape merely daubed with cobalt paint

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and solidified chalk to which petrified sponges cling. Obviously, this art derives from modern French painting, post-cubism in particular. The stuffed birds, thimbles, bells, cardboard cut-outs, and so forth which Cornell puts into boxes faced with glass please by their arrangement and the unspecified associations they call up, but mean or represent nothing not themselves. They too derive from modern painting, from Chirico and Ernst—and Kurt Schwitters's "trash" objects. (Cornell's only unsuccessful compositions, those relying on thimbles, have an emptiness resembling the duller canvases of Chirico.)

Vail's bottles do not appear at their best in a gallery. They are too intimate as yet and belong rather to one's private surroundings; there they lose all associations of ornament and become, even more than Chinese vases, autonomous and dramatic, competing with pictures and sculpture. Put one of them next to the piece that won Jose de Creeft the first sculpture prize at the Metropolitan's contemporary show (of which more next week), and it would make the De Creeft look a little phony. Cornell's boxes could be well used to electrify some of the blatantly dull galleries at the Metropolitan's extravaganza.

Both artists have only begun to explore their new mediums; an infinite prospect lies ahead. Vail could put his collage around an equestrian statue, as he has around a screen; Cornell could construct landscapes ten feet square inside his boxes. I am in dead earnest. For besides being explorers, both of them are greatly gifted artists.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

ENGLISH B1 (M., W., F. at 10), which Lionel Trilling discussed in *The Nation* a few weeks ago, has its parallel in Music B1 (M., W., F at 12); and its textbook, the "Survey-History of English Literature" which undertook to give the student "all the useful facts and necessary opinions about English literature," also has its musical equivalents. Mr. Trilling was disturbed by the badness of the material which the book pumped into the student's mind; but if all the judgments in the book were sound there would still be the necessity of those judgments that would disturb me. The education of a young man of college age includes making him acquainted with the great ideas that have been thought, the great literature that has been written; and it is right that it should do so, even though a great many young men of college age are not equipped or ready to appreciate the greatness of the ideas or the literature. Or rather, it would be right if the young men were brought into contact with the material, if everything were done to facilitate the involvement of their minds with it, and if then the minds were left free to become involved or not, to get from the material some meaning and value that it had for them or to get none. There are, no doubt, places where this procedure is followed; but in many colleges the requirements of academic bookkeeping do not permit a young man to get nothing or the "wrong" thing from the philosophy or the literature he has read. To earn his three credits he must get something—if not his own idea, then somebody else's; and not his own "wrong" idea but somebody else's "right" one—in other words, the necessary opinions that are fed to him for four months by someone's survey-history of philosophy or literature, and that he hands back after four months on an examination paper.

This, I say, has its musical equivalent. It is right to bring those young students into contact with the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn—literally, almost, to establish contact between the music and their ears, with the help, let us say, of some explanation of its special procedures and principles of organization—and then to let the music make what effect it can, let it become for some of the students a moving communication and for others a bore. But if students merely experience Mozart's G minor Symphony and are either moved or bored, if they are inarticulate about their experience, if they do not acquire something which they can hand back on an examination paper, there is no course for the purposes of academic bookkeeping. And so for these purposes the students in Music B1, a survey course in history and appreciation of music, are given "all the useful facts and necessary opinions" about the lives of the composers and their music. These facts and opinions are useful and necessary for the students to get credit for the course, but not for them to get a moving experience from the arrangement of sounds that is Mozart's G minor Symphony; and included often are trivialities, vulgarities, and misrepresentations like those which disturbed Mr. Trilling.

On the way to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society's performance of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust"—the first since the Schola Cantorum's performance more than fifteen years ago—I happened to be reading Carl Van Vechten's discussion of Nijinsky, reprinted in the latest issue of *Dance Index*, and encountered a passage which turned out to be relevant to the performance of Berlioz's work. "Its precision alone is noteworthy," said Mr. Van Vechten of the detail of one of Nijinsky's performances. "Indeed, precision is a quality we see exposed so seldom in the theater that when we find it we are almost inclined to hail it as genius."

Precision comes with mastery of a medium; and in the case of the precision of the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Toscanini or Stokowski, or the Boston Symphony conducted by Koussevitzky, the relation between the movement with which the conductor indicates his wish and the orchestra's response is unmistakable. Now if the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra had played the beginning of "The Damnation of Faust" as Rodzinski's series of tense, spasmodic, sforzato beats indicated, it would have produced a series of sforzato accents in what is a lyric, flowing passage. Actually, then, the orchestra followed his beat as an indicator of pace—a pace that was excessively slow and stolid—and ignored it as an indicator of the character of the music. There was, in other words, no complete control of the orchestra by the conductor; and there was, as a result, a lack of precision in timing and in values of sonority, hence a lack of clean, sharp definition and correct balance, in the orchestral sound. The lack of control extended to the soloists, who sang as well or as badly as their own musicality or rhythmic sense determined—Pinza superbly (though with only the shreds of a voice in his upper range), Novotna and Robofsky well, but Jagel with no regard for the prescribed rhythmic outlines of the phrases that his brassy voice produced. In addition Rodzinski set a pace that was now too slow, now too fast (Mephistopheles's Serenade), and always without plasticity. And yet the music, though imperfectly realized, was something astoundingly beautiful and astoundingly original in its turns of melody, its progressions of harmony, its instrumental colorings, all the product of an individual mind, an individual sense for the medium, and all produced with economy, delicacy, finesse—which is to say with honesty in the relation of means to artistic end.

B. H. HAGGIN

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